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REV. ENGELBERT M. BACHMANN,
"URIEL"

Bachmann, Engelbert M.

"URIEL"

Who will read,
Who will heed,
What they need?

For the good
You must look
In this book.

Louisville, Kentucky, 1912.

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FOREWORD.

This unpretentious little volume is intended as a souvenir of the author's Fifty Years of Priesthood and as a grateful offering to the Giver and Preserver of life. Every one of its readers will add to this act of gratitude, for which the author expresses his thanks and breathes the prayer: God bless you!

Nihil obstat,
Rev. George Schuhmann, D. D.
Censor librorum.

Imprimatur,
✠ Denis O'Donaghue,
Bishop of Louisville.

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DEDICATION

The names of the seven Archangels are: St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, St. Uriel, St. Jehudiel, St. Sealtiel, St. Barachiel.

Under the patronage and invocation of St. Uriel the following pages are placed and to him they are humbly and reverently dedicated. "Uriel" has always been the writer's pen-name. St. Uriel is considered the patron of the Sacrament of Confirmation; St. Michael is considered the patron of the Holy Eucharist; St. Gabriel, patron of Baptism; St. Jehudiel, of Penance; St. Raphael, of Extreme Unction; St. Sealtiel, of Holy Orders and St. Barachiel, of Matrimony.

See "Father Faber, Blessed Sacrament," page 518.

St. Uriel, called the strong companion, is mentioned in the fourth book of Esdras.* He is represented in Christian art as holding in his right hand a sword across his breast, with flames on his left.

See "Father Faber, Blessed Sacrament," page 466.

St. Uriel, mighty and glorious spirit, protect and defend us in all our temporal and spiritual dangers!

*Third & fourth books are not— not always included in those called "Canonical".

"PROTESTATION"

The writer, whose pen-name is "Uriel", submits all his writings especially those contained in this book, to the judgment of God's Church, which is the One, Holy, Roman Catholic Church. He believes what she teaches, and rejects what she rejects.

HUMAN REASON.

Of our God-given faculties, reason may be called the king, will the queen and memory the servant. Reason is the noblest faculty. It distinguishes man from brute creation, over which it gives him mastery. It is the part of reason to preside over and direct all the works of man. The clearer, more knowing reason is, the better, greater and more noble may be the works of man, provided, however, that it be exercised wisely upon the true, the good and the beautiful. Reason must be the teacher, will the pupil and memory the arsenal and treasure house of knowledge. Reason directs, will executes. Reason is a light absolutely needed in our paths of life. Reason must have as its aides-de-

camp wisdom and prudence. There are many degrees in the power of reason; the lowest can be sufficient for leading an honest and useful life. The higher and highest degrees rank the possessor far and farther above his fellow-men, and, according to need and circumstances, give him power and command over them. Genius is the highest quality of reason. It is a capacity to do what others, not equally gifted, cannot accomplish. The painter, the sculptor, the poet, the orator,—all ought to be men of genius. A man's genius is proved by the perfection of his work; an orator's genius by the power of his eloquence. Genius is not rarely debased to low and vulgar productions; these go without honor by posterity. It would be a mistake to judge the standard of a man's reason by the position he holds. Few positions are attained or held by the superior force of reason. Subordinates may possess a higher quality of

reason, but circumstances favor some in preference to others. Hence, domineering over others is always wrong and betrays a reason that is insufficient for the position without the aid of force. The abuse of reason is always dire in its effects as we may see in wrongdoers and criminals. It unmans the individual and makes him more like a wild beast than a human being. He cares not for human sorrow and suffering. The man who lives and acts against all human reason is despicable and a menace to the community. Unenlightened or misguided reason is next to worthless—except for evil. Thank God, the grand and noble works of sound and industrious reason are apparent throughout the whole world!

"Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to cease reasoning on things above reason."—Sir P. Sidney. "Reason and faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first

born, but faith inherits the blessing."—Culverwell. "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that does not reason is a slave."—Sir W. Drummond. "Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature."—Cicero. "Reason is our intellectual eye, and like the bodily eye it needs light to see; and to see clearly and far it needs the light of heaven. Strong reasons make strong actions!" —Shakespeare. "There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency." —Collier. "Faith evermore looks upward and descries objects remote; but reason can discover things only near, and sees nothing that is above her."—Quarles.

HUMAN WILL.

If reason in man is called the bright faculty, his will may be called the blind faculty. It is the legitimate province of the will to execute the promptings of reason. Reason is the general in command, will is the soldier to obey orders. Were this always so, there would be far less misery and discord in the world. Will is the great power in man. To know and understand what is to be done is essential; but knowledge and understanding have no effect unless the will co-operates. Reason sees, will moves. It is thus in thought, word and deed. It is to be deplored that the will can and does often go contrary to right reason. The heathen poet, Horace, has truly said: "The better I see and approve, the worse I choose and do." In the will lies the origin of all evil doings. Strange to say, the will is more inclined

to do wrong than to do right. This comes of the depravity of our nature. What is the remedy? First and foremost, the reason must know and understand what is right, true and just. It must be a leader in the right direction. It must weigh the motives for speech and action, which motives must determine the will to say or do what is to be said or done. . Yes, no,—I will, I will not—are the decisive words in every case.

A weak will is a poor thing; it lacks determination, it vacillates between doing and not doing. The will rather than the reason, gives character to the man. A man of strong character is a man of strong will. Such a one can accomplish much; he succeeds where others fail. Fortunate the man who knows what is right and has the strength of will to do it!. Things go wrong when the will prevails over right reason. Reason and will must be in harmony to have peace with-

in and without.. Should reason dictate what is false and wrong the will must not acquiesce. Truth, virtue and duty must be the guiding principle of both reason and will. The arbitrary power of the will over reason is pointedly expressed in the well-known distich:

> "Convince a man against his will,
> He's of the same opinion still."

"The will of man is by his reason swayed."—Shakespeare. "To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible."—Froude. "My will, and not thine, be done," turned paradise into a desert. 'Not my will, but thine be done,' turned the desert into a paradise, and made Gethsemani the gate of heaven."—Pressense. "To will what God wills is the only science that gives us rest."—Longfellow.

HUMAN MEMORY.

What a wonderful faculty of our soul is memory! It is the treasure house of our knowledge and experience, of our joys and woes. It is a ready help in all our work. It is a constant necessity. A quick, tenacious memory is a treasure; a faulty one is the source of annoyance to one's self and to others, causing trouble and, not infrequently, loss. Many a step must we take because we forget. Many a trouble we occasion others by our forgetfulness. Many a loss might have been prevented had memory served us at the right time. Oh, for the right thought at the right time! Who has not suffered from the treachery of memory? The faculty of memory can be improved and strengthened by the proper exercise. Books teach various methods. No method can restore memory when once lost—a loss

akin to blindness. There are many devices to aid the memory, and those of poor and weak memory feel obliged to resort to them. The man who placed his hat before the door through which he had to pass on his way to work, putting into the hat everything he wished to take along, betrayed a very weak memory. Objects placed in unusual positions are used as reminders; even fixed objects may serve the same purpose. Several pillars in a church prompted the memory of a preacher; in his mind he connected one point of his discourse with one pillar, another point with another pillar, and so on. In old age memory generally fails and the need of reminders is strongly and often painfully felt. Some suitable devices should be chosen and well fixed in the mind. Failing memory is not a fault—but it may lead to many faults of omission. Patience is necessary in all who have lost the power of ready memory—and

also in others who are likely to suffer on that account. If we have a good memory, we have great reason to thank God. A splendid memory is rare; a prodigious memory is still more so. Cardinal Mezzofanti is said to have spoken over forty, some say over fifty languages. Pope Gregory III could recite the 150 Psalms by heart. Grievances or unjust injuries may sharpen the memory, but they are likely to dull the heart.

"The secret of a good memory is attention."—Tyron Edwards. "O Memory, thou bitter-sweet, both a joy and a scourge."—Mad. De Stace. "Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience and the council chamber of thought."—St. Basil.

HUMAN IMAGINATION.

What an astounding faculty! It can, chimerically—not really, do all things within the range of the thinkable—and with what rapidity! It can outstrip electricity, which is the quickest known mover. Imagination can, in an instant, "build castles in the air," pile up mountains higher than the Himalaya, empty the oceans with one scoop, dry up the lakes and rivers and can travel to the ends of the earth or into its bowels, or up to the very stars. There is no end to its varieties and combinations of varieties. It can conjure up and form to itself worlds and peoples that do not exist. It can give all sorts of shapes, sizes and colors to what does or can exist. It can do all possible things, save that it cannot give existence or reality to the least of its fancies. Still, it can have a very marked effect upon the human system by its various operations.

Imagination can give not only occupation, pleasure and real delight, or lift up into the very sublime, it can also cause dejection, melancholy, depression of spirits, downright pain—nay it may even bring disease upon itself. It may, in extreme instances, cause death, as it did in the case of a culprit under sentence of capital punishment who was turned over to physicians for experiment. Having led him into the execution chamber they blindfolded him and told him he was to be immediately beheaded. But the executioner, instead of the axe let fall a wet towel upon the culprit's neck, whereupon he instantly expired.

Who can understand the workings of the imagination during sleep? In this state the imagination seems to have no bounds and to be endowed with an activity altogether different from that of the waking state. Are not our dreams—pleasant or terrifying—caused by imagination, freed, during sleep, from control

of wakeful reason? We are full of mysteries, but imagination seems the greatest of them all. The wise man controls his imagination and confines it within the sphere of the reasonable and useful. The idler gives rein to his imagination, which serves him to no good purpose, though it may be as busy as a wheel in a machine shop.

No doubt, the imagniation was given us for a good purpose. This we should strive to divine in the use of so wonderful a faculty. The inability of the imagination to effect anything real is expressed by our Blessed Savior in these words: "And which of you, by thinking, can add to his stature one cubit?"—(Matth. VI, 27.)

Alas! Imagination often proves deceptive. Many imagine they would be content or happy could they possess a certain object, acquire a certain position, accomplish a certain project or commit a certain criminal or wicked act. How

often the contrary happens! Possession undeceives, projects fail and violation of the laws of God and man bring remorse, unhappiness and punishment. Therefore trust not the imagination when it paints future and desirable things in bright and glorious colors—nor when it promises honors, pleasures and satisfactions that have no sure foundation in the reality of things nor in justice and truth. Imagination and realization seldom meet fully. For the faculty of imagination let us thank God; against its fallacies let us beware.

"He who has imagination without learning, has wings and no feet."—Joubert. "The world of reality has its limits; the world of imagination is boundless."—Rousseau. "The faculty of imagination is the great spring of activity and the principal source of human improvement."—Dugald Stewart. "Imagination is the eye of the soul."—Joubert. "An uncommon degree of

imagination constitutes poetical genius. The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact."—Shakespeare.

THE POET.

The poet may truly be styled a favorite child of nature, or rather, of nature's God. In a good sense, he is not like the rest of men. He has keener and quicker perceptions of the true, the good and the beautiful. His delights are manifold; for thousands of objects that are passed by unnoticed or unheeded by others give him pleasure. The raptures of the poet are almost unintelligible to the ordinary mortal. All nature seems to live for, speak to, and entertain the poet. He can sit by the brook or rivulet and enjoy its murmurings and can understand them as the mother does the babblings of her babe. He is never alone or lonesome, for he

communes with all nature. He talks to the flowers, the fields, the woods, the mountains—nay, to the very stars. All nature is wonderfully delightful to him. He not only sees but admires all of God's creation. Betimes, his soul is wrapped into contemplation, he conceives great thoughts, perhaps holy thoughts, and these swell his soul and clamor for permanent utterance. He must write them in poetic garb, which alone will suit the elevation of his conceptions. He must share them with others, who may or may not appreciate them.

If the orator at times becomes eloquent, the poet often rises to the sublime. What wonder that he must have a language and expression of his own! He feels the necessity of walking in measured steps according to the laws of meter; he will—though not always—add the music of words by their rhyming.

Elegance in expression, beauty of thought and sublimity of description are the proper qualifications of the poet. He can not only portray the beauties of nature and the joys of the happy; he can also describe pathetically the weight of sorrow, of distress and of bereavement. We cannot well do without the orator, but we must have the poet to delight and elevate us, to alleviate the pangs of a troubled and oppressed heart. For all these purposes the poets have given us the songs so welcome to mankind. We would not —could not do without them. What earth would be without flowers mankind would be without the songs of the poet.

The good poet sings to us of virtue and pleads against vice. He teaches high and noble thoughts and cheers us during sad and lonely hours. His gems of thought are displayed in speech and

print. Surely, good poets are God-given.

Not all who write in meter and rhyme are poets in the true sense, no more than a public speaker is always an orator. There are many steps to the pinnacle of fame. It is quite satisfactory to anyone to believe he has mounted some steps toward that pinnacle. Therefore, would-be poets are neither to be despised nor discouraged.. Gold has been found—even in sand. If true merit crown not their efforts they may do transient good but will soon be forgotten.

It is truly deplorable that some poets debase their noble gift by choosing unworthy—even objectionable themes for their lyre—but we know that any of God's gifts may be misused. The higher and nobler the gift abused, the greater is the ingratitude and guilt of him who has abused it. Worse than oblivion awaits him.

Poetic effusions ought to be appreciated inasfar as they contribute to the sum of life's joys and to the consolation of life's sorrows. God bless the poets and multiply their number for good!

Critics who seem to require that every poetical effusion should be a literary gem or a masterpiece, are too severe. It must be acknowledged, however, that generally speaking, the standard of poetry in our times is low indeed. Versification is taught in many schools. Hence, many attempt to write poetry understanding the rules of versification but destitute of one spark of the true poet. These, mainly, supply the newspapers, magazines and books, but sometimes ~~X~~ disgrace~~X~~ them. It is very sad to see the poet's art employed in the service of the low passions insinuating sin and wickedness. Shame on those who allow such execrable productions to see the light! The honor of the poet requires the ascending, never the de-

scending scale. Poetic descriptions of the low and vulgar betray a low and vulgar character. The poet must be too noble and high minded to tread upon filth and corruption.

Since the beginning of poetry, not one hundred poets have mounted to the pinnacle of imperishable fame. This, however, should not deter anyone who has something good to say and is able to express it in verse. Many are willing to undergo the trouble of writing in verse, who may not care to write in prose. The name "poet" attracts them. If such would deserve the appellation "poet" or "poetess," let them enter the honorable ranks by producing always something worthy of the poet's art. We all know good poetry, like good music, by a natural instinct.

Says Shakespeare: "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and, as imagination bodies forth

the form of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Says Chatfield: "Poetry is the music of thought, conveyed to us in the music of language." Says J. A. St. John: ."The best of poetry is ever in alliance with real uncorrupted Christianity; and with the degeneracy of the one always comes the decline of the other; for it is to Christianity that we owe the fullest inspirations of the celestial spirit of charity." Says Wordsworth: "Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls." Says A. A. Hopkins:. "Poetry begotten of passion is ever debasing; poetry born of real heartfulness, always ennobles and uplifts."

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is a special power added to ordinary words. Elegance in diction is somewhat like music to the ear. Eloquence rises to enthusiasm in words written or spoken. Elegance charms, enthusiasm moves the reader or hearer. Eloquence is felt with full force only in the speaker or declaimer, for, to the spoken word is added the human voice which is lacking in the printed or written word. Real eloquence is almost as rare a quality as real poetry is a rare gift. The former can be acquired, the latter is rather nature-given. Hence the saying—the poet is born, the orator is made. Real orators are more numerous than real poets. The reason is because more circumstances excite eloquence rather than the poetic vein. Momentous questions, interests of paramount importance, necessity of concentrated energy and of immediate

action, all stimulate the writer and still more the speaker to give his words all possible force, that is, he must become eloquent, must fully and powerfully rise to the occasion. Here, simple elegance of diction, such as poets use, will not suffice. It may be likened to the silver stream calmly flowing between its banks, while eloquence resembles the mighty torrent that carries all before it.

The word eloquence is derived from two Latin words, "e," out of; and "loqui," to speak. Eloquence therefore means to speak, as it were, out of the very nature of the subject in hand or object under consideration. Should this subject or object demand high and active consideration, it is only the eloquent that will be able to treat it efficaciously.

The purpose and the effect of eloquence are to move the mind and heart to action. The higher and nobler the

purpose, the higher and nobler is the exercise of eloquence. The highest subjects of eloquence are, our God, our country, our family. Sad to say, oratory and eloquence are not seldom expended on inferior affairs, sometimes on interests that are even unworthy, selfish or base. This seems like a queen serving menials. Eloquence deserves a throne from which it may speak whenever advocating the honorable, the useful, the glorious. The great orator deserves not only the admiration but also the gratitude of his fellow men as do great poets, painters, sculptors, generals and their like, whose fame should be imperishable. The powerful orator is like a powerful potentate, a king, a monarch on his throne. Even though his words, in themselves, are not law, they challenge allegiance and obedience. Fortunate the nation that has eloquent exponents and defenders of the rights of home and country.

"The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this is eloquence."—Daniel Webster. "Speech is the body, thought the soul, and suitable action the life of eloquence."—C. Simmons. "If anything I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and all comfort."—Daniel Webster.

POET AND POETRY—ORATOR AND ORATORY COMPARED.

Eloquence in prose, elegance in poetry, invite immortal renown. Laurel leaves for the orator, ivy leaves for the poet. Prose pertains more to reasoning, poetry more to the expression of feeling. The orator moves, persuades; the poet delights, charms. Substantials are more suited to prose; fancy and imagery more to poetry. Prose is necessary; poetry is ornamental. The shortest definition is: music in words. Its proper sphere is the true, the good and the beautiful in holiday garb. The orator, the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and whoever seeks lasting renown, must produce a "chef-d'oeuvre" as the French say, namely, something perfect in its kind. Genuine poetry is the highest conception and most elegant expression of human thought. Poetry moves in metre, that is, in measured words. It

is circumscribed by certain laws of its own, quite distinct from the requirements of good prose. Poetry requires the music of words, the effervescence of a rich, fanciful mind, clothing ideas and truths in suitable, beautiful images, employing figures of speech in an adroit, pleasing, artistic, instructive and imitative manner. Its proper sphere is in daring flights of the imagination. It is the most suitable channel for conveying highest truths, noblest duties, and loftiest aspirations. The proper qualities of poetry are elegance of diction, beauty of expression, purity and loftiness of thought. Poetry is the world-famed language of genius, which has the natural tendency to express its grand and often sublime conceptions rather in measured lines than in the loose style of prose. The true poet is far above the orator, because the orator need not be a poet; but the poet must be possessed of the powers of the orator. The

poet needs all the force of the orator, though the orator needs not all the graces of the poet. The poetical mind is therefore of a superior quality to that of an orator. Many are the famous orators, few are the famous poets. Fortunate the century that can boast of one, two or three genuine poets! History tells the tale. Great orators may pass away and be forgotten; the true poet is immortal; he can never be consigned to utter oblivion. The immortelles are the proper wreaths for the poet, as conceded by all nations in all ages. The patriotic orator deserves a public monument; the poet, nature's most gifted child, deserves to have his bust in every household and in every gallery where the noblest and most famous sons of a nation are represented. Poets are the people's sweet songsters and the enraptured and enrapturing exponents of the nation's highest ideals, of its power and glory. No nation without its poet, no govern-

ment without its orator, so it seems befitting at all times. Every nation, every epoch of time, needs its own poet, its own orator. Orators are more alike than poets are. In the realm of truth, of fact, and of special emergencies the orator holds principal sway; the poet shares this field with the vast area of imagination added. The privilege of the poet is to soar like an eagle; the duty of the orator to mount the breastworks of a nation's rights for a best possible defence. True, the orator is undoubtedly more necessary and useful; the poet is rather ornamental and entertaining. Yet poet and orator belong together like the head and the heart. Is this the reason that the foremost nations look for a poet laureate? Virgil, the sweetest and truest poet of the old Roman Empire, naively asked permission to compare little things with great ones: "Si parva magnis componere licet." Permission may also be demanded to com-

pare prose with poetry. If prose be the stem, poetry is the flower; if prose be bread, poetry is cake; if prose be fruit, poetry is confectionery; if prose be common, poetry is uncommon, etc.

But who is entitled to the appellation of poet? Is it the versifier or rhyme-maker? Is it he who can say nice things in nice words? Is it he who has a large stock of knowledge and information, and a still larger stock of imagination? Is it even he who can and does at times compose admirable pieces of poetry and song? Ah, the valley is not farther from the mountain than all these are from the genuine poet. He moves in a far higher, if not in a different sphere. He carries a trumpet, they only a pleasing lute. The productions of the would-be poets may serve their time and object, and pass away with both; but the real poet's effusions will be clipped from the papers, will be marked in the books where they appear; they cannot, they

will not, be forgotten. It may be that the productions of the former seem like scintillations of a truly inspired moment or the passionate expression of strong emotions; but before the poem is finished or the song is sung, the flatfoot of prosy thought and still prosier expression, will betray itself. Watch the beginning; watch the middle; watch the end of an unmistakable poet's creation. You will find no varying in the poetical emotions which gave it birth. Then and then only you have an imperishable, priceless production, that deserves to rank with the highest art in painting and sculpture. Yes, the true poet is quite comparable to the true artist; for what they aim to represent in the most skillful manner upon canvass or in marble, the poet represents in the beauty and elevation of his thoughts and in the elegance and sweetness of expression. In one respect, the poet ought to rank higher than the artist; for he has the

material before him, upon which his genius can exert itself. The poet, for the most part, has to shape his thoughts and expressions amidst immaterial, ethereal or distant things. The poet has to produce pen-pictures and erect poetic monuments to his heroes. The task of the poet seems therefore more difficult than that of the painter or sculptor. However there need be no jealousy between them. Let due honor be given to our master-painters, to our master-sculptors, to our poets and orators, by acknowledging and praising the four as the most glorious quartette a country or nation can have, not however passing over in silence the claims of the grand musician, who can evoke the thrill of sounds from his instrument fit to stir and enchant the ears of the audience. Yes, let the genius of the musician enliven the gatherings, add pomp to our celebrations, make lighter the heavy heart and inspire courage and bravery

like the army-band upon the battle field. Yea, ye quintette, give us glimpses of better things, of better ways and higher standards of the true, the good and the beautiful!

Next, as to the classification of poetic art and poetic skill in poetic productions, there must be the same latitude and longitude, that is conceded to painters, sculptors and to the musician.

> Who does what in him lies,
> With sure contentment dies.

We are not all born rich or of famous parentage, neither is the mind endowed with extraordinary gifts in the case of most persons. But there are many steppingstones to the pinnacle of fame. It is honorable in anyone to ascend up as high as his ability and opportunity permit. If we depended only upon first-class poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, such dependence would be very

slim for the majority of mankind. The number of literary and artistic productions would indeed be very limited. The favored few only could procure them. But fortunately, the lower steps to the pinnacle of fame are widest and longest; they become narrower and shorter the nearer they approach the highest point, and therefore are reached by fewer and fewer in the ascending grade. So much the better for the common class of humanity. It is rarely that the ordinary mind can either appreciate or enjoy, what is of the superb or superlative kind, —music excepted. Everybody's efforts in every department of human ingenuity should receive its mete of praise and encouragement. He who does not enlist in the army can never become a captain or a general. Let therefore, all who will, join the galaxy of poets, orators, painters or musicians. They will eventually find their level and be appreciated accordingly. How can anyone find out his

ability in any art or profession unless he exercise himself therein? Alas, that many a gifted mind and noble soul has neither means nor opportunity of developing native resources! How many might rise above the average of their fellow-beings, if only the efforts necessary were made! How many could reach higher grades of standing in their community, if only the proper means and the persistent efforts were sought and employed! How quickly does the star of reputation set for many, and how seldom does it remain in the firmament after the term of their lives!

If high or low,
We all must know,
To make our mark in time.
If this we miss,
There is no bliss
For us in verse or rhyme.

The privilege of the poet is to express praise and blame in verse which would scarcely be admissible in prose.

The poet must be remarkable for beauty of thought, the painter and sculptor for beauty of form, the musician for charm of sound and the orator for elegance and force of expression. There must be in all of them something like inspiration. One production of this kind is enough to immortalize its author, like one song, one painting, one statue, that gains universal admiration. Uniqueness and inimitability are high characteristics of genius in any art. Whatever challenges unqualified praise, suffering no diminution by time, deserves to rank in the highest order. Such productions however are extremely rare, and therefore extremely precious. They are the trophies of human genius and ingenuity, a proof of what the human mind, well directed, can accomplish.

Another characteristic of genius is, that it is generally self-taught, and must be self-taught from mere impossibility to find an equal or superior mind to teach it. Few master-pupils have had master-teachers. Such pupils had a decided advantage. But the real genius is next thing to being self-sufficient, though this need be far from pride or self-conceit, the mark of small minds. The master-worker knows how to appreciate his own work best, and this gives him greater satisfaction than the admiration or praise the public can bestow. Well for us that we have the instinct of knowing the true, the good, and beautiful, when we meet it whether in poetry, oratory, in a painting or in statuary. The ear easily knows, appreciates and enjoys a high standard of music.

"Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made his prophets poets."—Bailey.

"Truth shines the brighter clad in verse."—Pope.

"Poets learn in suffering what they teach in song."—Shelley.

DEFENSE OF MEDIOCRE POETS.

The difference between prose and poetry may be likened to the difference between bread and cake, between nut and candy, between sound and music, between stem and flower, etc. Prose may resemble a creek or river flowing on smoothly; poetry resembles more a brook or cascade on the mountain side, rippling and sparkling, or splashing and dashing; the sight of either of these two delighting us more than the narrow creek or the wide river.

It should not be expected that every attempt in verse should be of the "first water." Everyone that feels like clothing his thoughts in metre and rhyme should not be expected to be a Virgil, a

Milton, or a Dante, no more than every musician can be expected to be a Mozart, a Haydn, or a Perosi. The highest and best in all things and in all directions is rare and is not ready at all times on demand. It may be asked: are we entitled to the productions of the highest order from any or everybody? Should every meal be a feast, it would weary an epicure. Highest pleasures are relished best when seldom enjoyed. By constant glitter our eyes would be dazzled. If any poetic effusions contain good thoughts, wholesome admonitions, then the reader should be satisfied and even thankful.

DREAMLAND.

What is the land of dreams?
How different it seems
From real life!

Is there significance
In all that we perchance
May see or do?

Our dreaming comes in sleep;
The mystery is deep;
Its depth who'll find?

Sleep shuts up our senses,
But places no defenses
To active mind.

Its powers seem increased
From body when released;
Its sphere immense.

Both time and space recede;
With light'ning speed proceed
The visions vast.

The sight of things unknown
In dreamland oft are shown,
How can this be?

The living and the dead
Appear, though it is said,
They never speak.

Some dreams do bring us cheer,
And some do make us fear
Both harm and hurt.

Yet dreams can pleasant be
When happy things we see,
And persons loved.

One lesson dreams can teach,
How quickly life will reach
Its destined end.

The past how like a dream
To us doth often seem,
And yet how real!

Of dreams the certain cause
We know not, nor their laws,
If laws they have.

The stomach ill at ease,
The nerves unstrung, oft these
Are cause assigned.

Some others say, the mind
Must occupation find,
And hence we dream.

For him who cause denies,
The cause of dreaming lies
In mystery.

On this we all agree
That dreamland proves to be
The strangest land.

"URIEL."

READING.

We are a reading people. Newspapers, pamphlets and books have reached all quarters of the civilized world. Education, business and leisure hours demand reading. Reading, therefore, is a necessity for everybody, more or less. We can no longer get along without it. The ability to read is precious, though not all reading may be of value. A choice reader acquires knowledge and wisdom; a careless reader little of either. Reading should do for the mind what

food does for the body. All reading has its effect, whether perceptible or not, whether good or not. We may forget what we have read, just as we may forget what we have eaten some time ago. Hence caution in reading is not only to be recommended, but even necessary in all who do not wish to have their minds debauched by evil imaginations and evil desires. The character of our reading will tell upon our own character for good or for evil. The saying, "tell me your company and I will tell what you are," may well be referred to our class of reading. Psalm 17 says: "With the holy, thou wilt be holy; with the innocent, thou will be innocent; with the elect, thou wilt be elect; and with the perverse, thou wilt be perverse." Good reading inclines to goodness, as bad reading does to badness. Many a thief, robber and criminal can trace the commission of wrong to some newspaper, pamphlet or book that expatiated upon vice and

crime. The government rightly forbids the transmission of obscene literature through the mails, and the moral law forbids the reading. We say, "bad manners corrupt good morals." The recital of wicked deeds has incited many a one to do the like, the detailed account teaching how to perpetrate them. It has been asserted that the "New York Police Gazette," detailing the crimes committed against the whole decalogue, has multiplied the number of criminals and filled to a great extent the penitentiaries. Even our newspapers are sometimes schools of wickedness by publishing the misdeeds that have taken place here and elsewhere.

Novel reading requires great discrimination; if they are downright immoral, as many of them are, it is certainly forbidden to read them or lend them to be read. If the novels are very sensational and insinuating, as love stories generally are, they are prejudicial to mind and

nerves; and if they are accounts of base passions, of criminal intrigues and atrocious murders, they are positive dangers to morality, honesty and mental balance. Very likely novel reading does the most harm by insinuating what is against a moral and virtuous life. Really good novels are considered rare exceptions, unless we count those of a religious caste. Novel reading is therefore not advisable, especially for the young. The writer knew a boy, scarcely 14 years old, who committed suicide by hanging himself to a post of his bed, leaving a note that novel reading and murder stories made him wish to live no longer. This general stricture on novel reading may not be acceptable to those who are addicted to this kind of reading, but observations and facts fully warrant the stricture. Novel reading soon develops into a passion, that will grasp at every novel and will disdain books of instruction and edification. Not only will

all leisure hours be given to this favorite reading, but it will withdraw not seldom from duties in daytime and from the needed rest at night.

Fiction, after all,—as all ought to know—is very unreal and seldom satisfactory. When the interest is aroused to the highest pitch, the wedding comes, and there is no more to be recorded. An abrupt ending is the novel's usual way. The plot explodes, the story is done.

The dime-novel has debauched many a young mind, led to serious temptation and often worse. The aim of all reading should be to gain knowledge, useful and honorable, or at least to give entertainment without ill effect. A good motto is:

"What I read and what I do,
Should help me and should help you."

HABIT.

By habit we understand an accustomed way of speaking and doing. A good habit is desirable, useful and honorable; a bad habit is quite the reverse. Good habits should be cultivated; bad habits neither acquired nor continued. It has been rightly said that we are the creatures of habit. To have the habit of doing a thing makes its doing more easy. But the habit should be of the right kind, —that is, it should be correct, useful and agreeable. A correct habit excludes faultiness in our doings; a useful habit excludes waste of time and energy; an agreeable habit excludes annoyance and offense to others. It is as easy to get into a correct habit as into one that is faulty. To acquire a correct habit it is necessary to know how a thing should be done and then continuously to do it according to this requirement. A useful habit is acquired by avoiding trifles—

things that do nobody any good. What we do should benefit ourselves or others, or both jointly. The more important the duty, the more frequent the work to be done, the more important it is to get into a regular habit of doing well our duty and our work. Whoever has this habit shirks no duty and slights no work. Such a one is sought after and welcomed everywhere. Furthermore, our habits should be of an agreeable kind. As polite manners are necessary to our good standing in society, so are agreeable habits essential towards securing the respect and good will of those around us. We have no right to give unnecessary offense or cause annoyance. The time of youth is the proper time for acquiring right habits. The Holy Bible advises the young to become accustomed to the yoke from his youth so that in old age he may not depart from it. In the young, no looseness of conduct, no insubordination should be tolerated.

Every one has duties towards God and his neighbor. Everyone should get into the habit of performing these correctly and conscientiously. There are rules for business transactions; there are rubrics for sacred functions. To slight business rules seldom fails to entail embarrassments and losses. To slight rubrics in sacred functions denotes irreverence and grave violations of them are not without sin.

It may be no easy task to acquire correct, useful and agreeable habits; but it is certainly more difficult to rid ourselves of bad habits. To unlearn is harder than to learn. Good habits are a treasure to their posessor; bad habits a detriment and disgrace. It pays well to form good habits and to avoid bad ones. True, we are creatures of habits, but we should never be creatures of faulty, offensive or vicious habits. Good habits, let us remember, are allied to virtue and virtue is allied to godliness.

"Habit is the deepest law of nature."—Carlyle. "We first make our habits, and then our habits make us."—Dryden. "Habit is either the best of servants, or the worst of masters."—Emmons. "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken."—Johnson. "Habit in evil, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity."—St. Augustine. "Bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself is by contact."—Fielding. "Good habits are the best magistrates."—Bentham. "Charity should be the habit of our estimates; kindness of our feelings; benevolence of our affections; cheerfulness of our intercourse; generosity of our living; improvement of our progress; prayer of our desires; fidelity of our self-examination; being and doing good of our entire life."—Tillotson.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

By earth is here meant the terrestrial globe upon which we live, move and have our being. By heaven is meant all that is above this earth, sun, moon, stars and the abode of the blessed. This earth displays beauty and grandeur that ravish the poet and excite the admiration of the beholder. Witness the beautiful scenes in nature, the verdant landscape, the immense ocean, the lofty mountains and other wonderful features. Besides we have the beautiful works of art in architecture, sculpture, painting, literature and poetry,—in the beautiful workmanship of the mechanic, the exquisite traceries in fabrics and laces in all the various colors of the rainbow and in thousands of varieties. All these artificial beauties are met with in the works of ingenious man. What wonder that those who raise not their thoughts and aspira-

tions above this world find their gratification in these natural and artificial beauties, in good cheer, in fine dressing, and believe themselves happy in their possession and enjoyment?

Yet, all know and should keep in mind that these things are transitory and cannot fully satisfy the capabilities and longings of the human soul. The Apostle says: "The figure of this world passeth away." Man seeks true and lasting happiness which eludes the grasp of those who seek it here below. Where then can this be found? Look aloft! Look up to sun, moon and stars, these mighty orbs that circle above our heads and are at inconceivable distances from our mundane sphere. Listen to what the astronomers tell us about them. They dare ~~not~~ tell us that this earth is a mere speck, compared with most of the celestial orbs. Can these dispense happiness to us? Astrology surely did not make its votaries happy. No, the

heavenly bodies are too far away and serve us merely to give light and to indicate the seasons of the year. We know not even what they are in themselves nor what they carry upon their surfaces. Yet, sun, moon and stars serve to fill us with wonder and amazement at their size and number. They beckon us to look still higher—to their own and to our Creator.

What words can describe the greatness, the power and beneficence of Him Who called all things into existence and scattered such grandeur and beauty throughout all creation? His abode must be the abode of bliss, an abode of surpassing happiness. If earth is wonderful, sun, moon and stars are more wonderful; then surely must Heaven be the most wonderful of all. The Omnipotent Creator has certainly decorated His own abode in a most wonderful manner. A grander, happier abode cannot be imagined.

Have we the hope of being admitted through the portals of this glorious and happy abode? We surely have; for Heaven is intended not only for angels, but for all human beings who deserve to enter there. The conditions for admittance are purity of heart and freedom from sin, for "nothing defiled can enter there." Heaven is our true and everlasting home, where never-ending happiness awaits us. To reach Heaven, it is necessary to follow the beacon of faith in God's Church, to observe the Commandments, to fulfill the duties of our station in life and to practice the virtues that will enoble and sanctify us—especially the faith, hope and charity that have God for their object. With God's grace and mercy assisting our own endeavors, we cannot fail, after death, to reach the abode of the blessed. Let Heaven be our watchword, our solace in life's miseries and our unshaken expectation in the beyond.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
How do I sigh for thee!
When shall my exile have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?"

HYMN.

TIME—ETERNITY.

We have commenced to exist; we will never cease to exist. Let us weigh well this thought, its length, breadth, height and depth. To fathom it we are unable; to meditate upon it is our duty, our safety. In the light of this truth we will understand the value of time, the importance of life and the certainty of a neverending eternity. Wise is the man that will strive to secure a blessed eternity. Foolish, most foolish is the man that will neglect what is to come hereafter. No wonder we are told to make our vocation sure, to work out our salvation in fear and trembling, to remember our last end that we may never sin.

The perverse and hardened sinner has strongest reason to fear and tremble, for the abyss of hell already yawns beneath his feet, ready, the moment his life is cut short, to engulf him forever. But the good Christian, the child of God, and of His Church, has only reason to rejoice when contemplating the future life. A kingdom is promised him, eternal joys await him, the blessed in Heaven are ready to welcome him. No inhabitant of this blissful abode is uncrowned. May every one, without exception, hope to receive this crown? Every one not only may but should hope and expect this diadem of glory. Are great and wonderful deeds requisite for this hope and expectation? Far from it! Faith and good works alone are necessary. Faith in God and in His Church, and the good works of a truly Christian life, such as prayer, fasting, abstinence, the corporal works of mercy, frequent reception of the Sacraments, patient endurance of

the ills of life, the careful avoidance of grievous sin, the practice of virtues belonging to one's state of life—these and their like certainly entitle one to eternal reward and blessedness. Our Lord sayeth: "If thou wilt have eternal life, keep the commandments." And again, "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." "Take up my yoke and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and ye shall find peace for your souls. For my yoke is sweet and my burden is light." Truly these are consoling words.

"Eternity invests every state, whether of bliss or suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance entirely its own. It gives weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which all interests that know a period fade into absolute insignificance."—Robert Hall.

THE INFIDEL.

"The fool sayeth in his heart, there is no God." (Ps. 17) Mark the expression "in his heart"—not in his intellect. His heart desires that there should be no God, so that there may be no accountability to an almighty, all-knowing Being. But his intellect cannot agree with the wish of his heart. No infidel has ever proved philosophically or historically that there is no God, and never can. The true and the false believers shame the infidel; the first by believing in the one, true God; the second by believing in many gods. All that the infidel's eyes see and his hands touch carry sufficient evidence that all things were made. Even to him it seems absurd to say that a thing has made, or can make itself. He has no evidence of such a fact. Whatever man makes is made of pre-existing matter. He can give shape, color or utility to things.

He can never give existence to what did not exist before, that is, he cannot create. Hence, the intellect of the self-styled infidel can never be fully persuaded that there is no Creator. What other solution can he find for the existence of the earth, the sun, moon and the stars? Will it suffice to say that matter is eternal? What proof can he bring to the support of such a gratuitous theory? None, whatever. Matter is inert, and therefore requires an outside power to place or to move it. In what we call nothing there can be no power either to make or to place itself as something. Surely, the infidel is no real philosopher nor veracious historian.

The puzzle for the infidel is life. Life is totally different from all other things. All life in this world had a beginning as surely as it will have an ending. In animals, life is the power of motion for its various purposes; in man, it is this—and far more. He has intellectual

powers that constitute him the superior over animals and aid him to procure all that he needs. How can the infidel account for the origin of life and the superiority of man over animals? Since life has a commencement, by whom is life given? A gift supposes a giver. Can life be self-given? No, for one must have before he can give.. Is life spontaneous? No, for in that case, all things could have life. Life is higher than inert matter; the lower cannot give the higher. But, enough. The infidel is stranded on the question of existences and is totally shipwrecked on the question of life.

To deny a First Cause is against all sound philosophy—against the verdict of mankind. The infidel cannot point to or substantiate a better explanation of all things that exist or can exist. Let him wipe out the sun, moon and stars before he dares to deny a First Cause, or Creator. Let him bring proof that the

universe is eternal, that is, self-existing. Such heresy has been exploded and condemned many centuries ago as untenable on geological, astronomical and philosophical grounds. Let the infidel beware! By denying God, the Creator and First Cause, he commits the greatest possible sin. The greatest possible insult to God is the denial of His existence. Death will teach the infidel that there is a God, in Whom demons "believe and tremble." It will be too late for the infidel to believe when he must "believe and tremble" with the demons. All believers in God hold that the human soul is immortal. It can never die, for it has no parts for possible dissolution. The assumption of extinction or annihilation of the soul is wholly unwarranted and devoid of every proof. The infidel may destroy his body, but he has no power to destroy his soul. It will continue to exist, whether happily or unhappily, for all eternity.

Belief in God is altogether preferable to unbelief, or infidelity. This belief is a source of consolation in life and in death. What is best, it carres with it the hope of unending felicity. Infidelity can claim no honor or superiority—it is not a gain—it is a loss. Besides, if the infidel die in his unbelief, his loss is irreparable for all eternity.

May therefore every infidel weigh well the words of the Psalmist: "The fool sayeth in his heart, there is no God."

When Dr. Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, he replied:. "Because they are ignorant of the Bible." Were they truly acquainted with its contents, they must acknowledge it to be from God. Said Napoleon: "You think you are too intelligent to believe in God; I am not so. Not everyone who wishes to be is an Atheist."

LAUGHING.

Oh, the merry laugh! How cheering to hear it! The kind smile is welcome but the ringing laugh is catching. Laughing is the natural vent for sudden merriment. It is peculiar to man; animals cannot laugh. Time and care go far to suppress the merry sound. Hence, children can laugh more easily and heartily than adults. Laughter expresses mirth, gladness or joy far quicker than words. Good news, witty sayings or ludicrous remarks, also the odd appearance of persons or their funny ways and doings are occasions or reasons for laughter; animals or objects of a ludicrous kind frequently provoke it.. Some, for example, the clowns upon the stage, have the happy faculty of making others laugh. Such persons are welcome company, for they "drive dull care away." The real, good laugh is spontaneous; it bursts forth without effort or fore-

thought. Given a cause, the laugh is out. The genuine laugh irradiates the whole face. The laughing face has a beauty of its own. But there is a laugh that brightens not the countenance, nor gladdens the beholder. It is the scornful, the sarcastic, the malicious laugh. To laugh one to scorn, is an accepted expression. In this laugh there is no merry ring — no pleasing or cheering sensation is communicated. It should never be honored with a counter laugh. Many have felt the sting of the scornful, sarcastic or malicious laugh. May my friends never feel nor witness such ill usage! Many a one would rather receive a heavy blow than a hurtful laugh. There are other kinds of reprehensible laughing, such as the feigned laugh, the boisterous, the uncalled for, the annoying and silly laugh. To this kind can be applied the saying: "Who is given to much laughter is given to much foolishness;" and the other saying:

"The fool laughs where the wise man weeps." To laugh at something wrong or sinful is like giving one's approval. The opposite of the laughing face is the sullen face. A light heart and cheerful disposition easily wreathe the face with smiles and laughter. A good hearty laugh chases away the clouds of sadness. Sin and sorrow kill laughter. A good laugh gladdens the heart and, epicures say, aids digestion. "He who laughs last laughs best," saith the wise man.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."—Lamb. "Laugh if you are wise."— Martial. "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."— Goldsmith.

AN UNENVIABLE GIFT.

There is a gift in some persons that fortunately does not exist in all. By some it is admired, and generally more by the possessor than by anyone else. For lack of better occupation this gift may serve well in company. But not seldom it occasions sin in the possessor, weariness in those present and injury to the absent. Sometimes it is entertaining, sometimes it puts one so to say "on pins and needles" and sometimes it can even make one furious. It is like standing under dripping eaves to find one's self exposed to the latitude and platitude of this gift. Thus, its possessor is not infrequently considered a torment—a bore. What is this dubious gift? It is generally called "The Gift of the Gab." The poet Byron says:

> "Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes, the
> bores and bored."

Gabblers seem totally oblivious of the fact that every word must be accounted for. They forget that what they say of their neighbors is likely to be repeated and so cause trouble. A knowing one has mildly said: "In many words (such as the gossiper uses) there is generally a bit of a lie." Often there are many such bits. The man of few words is the man for me! In company when the tongue is very busy, the hands are generally idle. Gossipers and tattlers rob time and hurt charity—and the listeners connive to both wrongs. To kill time, some kill their neighbor's good name and reputation. What a shame and responsibility!

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity may be defined in general as a desire to know other people's affairs, whether they concern us or not. It may be said to be inborn in most

of us. A prurient curiosity is the effort to find out what does not strictly concern us; or to have news to communicate to others.

Some wish to know everything about everybody. This is not only blameworthy, but also is not seldom the cause of mischief between neighbors. . The real gossiper is sure to be afflicted with a morbid desire to know and carry news.

Very curious people are undesirable company, because with them one is apt to be plied with questions about the sayings, doings and business of ourselves and others.

The curiosity that seeks useful and needed knowledge is quite legitimate; not so the curiosity of those who seek food for idle and often uncharitable conversation. What we know not cannot trouble us. Some want to know what they really do not need to know. Far better is it to attend to our own affairs and let others attend to theirs.

Newspaper reading is a delight, nay, almost a necessity for the curious. Such may be called newsmongers. If it be true that many need to read the daily papers, it is also true than many need not do so. How much precious time is squandered, how often some work or duty neglected, when poring over the world's news that next day is forgotten!

Yet, the reading of newspapers has become the occupation of nearly everyone, and is not likely to decrease, whether the effect be good or bad.

Of the daily newspaper it has been well said:

> "In the morning, no Miss is more
> courted than I;
> In the evening, I'm burnt or thrown
> carelessly by."

"The overcurious are not overwise." —Massinger. "I loathe that low vice, curiosity."—Byron. "What a vast deal of time and ease that man gains who

is not troubled with the spirit of impertinent curiosity about others!"—Anonymous. "Curiosity in children is but an appetite for knowledge. Their curiosity should not be balked nor their inquiries neglected."—Locke.

SUSPICIONS.

We are naturally more or less suspicious. Not being able to penetrate the thoughts and designs of our neighbor, we try to divine them by his words, actions or movements. Some show a strange sagacity in doing this. The suspicions here referred to are rather of a sinister and unwarranted kind. Such suspicions may come unbidden, like temptations. If the observations are entirely correct, that is, if they are duly warranted by facts and circumstances, then suspicions have a foundation to rest upon and are not blameworthy. But if suspicions rest upon mere appearances,

or on surmises, they are indeed blameworthy. If there be any doubt of our neighbor's guilt, we must give him the benefit of the doubt; that is, not hold him guilty until some positive proof shows him guilty. We may suspect but may not accuse any one in our mind, and still less to others, until evidence is strong enough to stand in court. This may appear to be requiring too much; but it is the only safe and charitable line of action. It is the way in which we ourselves prefer to be treated. Guilt always requires positive proof.

To suspicion our neighbor without sufficient reason goes against the charity we owe him. Unwarranted suspicions lower him in our estimation first, and if expressed, lower and injure him in the estimation of others. In case the expressed suspicions reach the ear of the party concerned, ill-will, rancor and even revenge are likely to be excited, whether the party be guilty or not. Therefore

it is very advisable not to act on mere suspicions, and least of all, to express them to others that have no right to know them. Guilt, like murder will out, sooner or later. God is the judge of all. "Always to think the worst, I have ever found to be the mark of a mean and base soul."—Bolinbroke. "Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others."—Hare. "Suspicion always haunts the mind of the guilty; the thief doth fear each bush an officer."—Shakespeare. "At the gate which suspicion enters, love and confidence go out."—Young. "Suspicion is the poison of true friendship."—St. Augustine. "The virtue of a coward is suspicion."—Herbert. "Ignorance is the mother of suspicion."—Herbert.

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Let the above interrogation points stand for all questions that concern us —especially these three:. Whence do I come? Whither am I going? What are my future chances for eternity? It would be very serviceable to us to occasionally ask ourselves seriously some important questions, especially the three above mentioned. Self-consideration has always an element of utility; it begets a knowledge that we cannot well obtain from anyone else. .The three questions referred to concern everyone and each in particular. Let us put the first question to ourselves. WHENCE DO I COME? I know I did not always exist. How came I into existence? The obvious answer is through my parents. Does this answer stand for my whole being? No, for my body alone owes its existence to my parents. Within this

body, I have a soul—a spirit. Surely flesh may beget only flesh—never a spirit. My soul must have come from a different source, a source that can give existence to spirits. That which can create spirits must itself be a spirit—a self-existing spirit—it must be God. Therefore, the nobler part of my being comes from God. What an honor! What a joy! A blessed inheritance awaits us in the House of our Heavenly Father, because He is our Creator, our Father, our Beatifier.

WHITHER AM I GOING? Time hurries me on, whether I will or not. Every traveler must finally land in some place, whence he will depart no more. In what final place will I land? Reason alone cannot satisfactorily answer this question. Only Religion can give the clear, true answer. What does Religion say on this point? It says that every human being is but a temporary sojourner in this world. Death will

then usher us into another existence that will know no end. Religion assures us that there is a heaven and a hell. One of these two must finally be our everlasting abode; heaven for the good, hell for the wicked. Therefore, the answer for the second question is: I am going either to heaven or to hell, according to my deserts. There is no escape from the alternative. Let each one of us ask himself, whither am I going? Our manner of life must give the correct answer; if this fits us for heaven, all is well; if it deserves reprobation, all is wrong. Inexorably, hell will be the lot of the inveterate sinner who by violation of God's law has deserved reprobation and has died without amendment.

WHAT ARE MY FUTURE CHANCES FOR ETERNITY? Our chances are precisely what we, by our mode of life, make them. If we bend our free will to doing good and avoiding evil, we will, with God's assisting grace, reach

the goal of everlasting peace and happiness. If we live in wickedness, we shall die in wickedness and be forever lost. The chances of securing heaven and of escaping hell should stimulate us sufficiently to lead a well ordered, truly Christian life. God, who created our souls, wishes to make us happy with Him forever. Let us not frustrate His beneficent design. Let us not bring upon ourselves everlasting woe. Life is short—eternity never-ending. "As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time." — I. Mason. "Time is the chrysalis of eternity."—Richter. "The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time."—Lavator. "The best use of time is to make every moment a step towards God, as every moment is a step towards eternity."—"Uriel." "Those who know the value of time use it in preparation for eternity."—Dugnet. "Hours have wings and fly up to the Author of time

and carry news of our usage."—Milton. "Time is the warp of life; oh, tell the young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well." —Anonymous. "He lives long who lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost."—Fuller. "Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking fiend." —C. Wilcox. "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."—Thoreau. "Nothing lies in our hands with such uneasiness as time. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! In the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals."—Addison. "Time is what we want most, but what alas! we often use worst."—Penn. "The most momentous concern of man is the state he shall enter upon after this short and transitory life is ended; and in proportion as eternity is of greater importance than time, so ought men to be solicitous upon what grounds their expectations with regard to that durable state are

built, and on what assurances their hopes or fears stand."—Clarke.

TWO QUESTIONS.

Why do the wicked generally carry on the surface the good they have and the good they do?

Because there is no one without some good and the wicked are quite willing that this should appear. Perhaps, too, in order that we should despair of no one, as there is always some good left in him. A man utterly depraved would be a human monster.

Why do the good seem to carry their defects on the surface?

Because goodness will try far more carefully to hide itself than to conceal its defects. These are as it were, driven to the surface to be rubbed off; they serve to keep the good firm in humility and in the practice of penance. He that is good, interiorly and exteriorly, every-

where and under all circumstances, is a saint.

"The happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent."—Racine. "Well does heaven take care that no man secures happiness by crime." — Alfieri. "There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely wicked; but grows so, either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness."—Sir P. Sidney. "If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, benot discouraged; they are fatted for destruction, thou art dieted for health." — Fuller.

A WEIGHTY CONSIDERATION.

I am a creature of God, and, as such, of the highest and noblest origin. I have been chosen for existence in preference to many other possible beings that might exist, but do not. What a benign predilection! Undoubtedly, God

created me for a special purpose, not alone for His greater glory in general, but for a specific part of His glory. If I do not render this honor and glory, God remains deprived of it, and I will be deprived of the honor and reward for not doing that which I was particularly created to accomplish. Moreover, my honor and safety are precisely to be found in the fulfillment of the particular purpose of my creation. What an honor that each one of us can do, or is allowed, to do some-thing for the great God! To do this something is my only safety, for I thereby fulfill the eternal design of God in my regard. Although God has a right to all my possible services, because He is my Creator, yet He will reward me with a distinctive reward for the distinctive glory given Him when I render unto Him my own individual services. All of God's rewards awaiting His faithful servants are immense and everlasting, though they are

not all equal. Why not, then, serve Him most cheerfully, most devotedly, most willingly? As a priest, God has honored me with a still higher, still nobler distinction beyond others who share not in the priesthood of Christ. This sacred tie is a far greater distinction than simple creation and preservation. If I have a special honor to render to God, as His creature, have I not a still more special honor to give Him as His priest? If I do not give God this special honor, will, or can another priest give it? Then God would be defrauded of His expectations in me, others would be deprived of my good services, which I could and should have rendered them, and oh! if any, or many souls should be lost on that account, will not their loss be laid to my account? A terrifying thought!

"The acts of this life are the destiny of the next."—Eastern Proverb. "The wheels of time are not made to roll backward; everything presses on to

eternity. Meanwhile Heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to itself, and collecting within its spacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine."—Robert Hall. "Man proposes, but God disposes."—Thomas a Kempis. "God does not repeat."—Father Hecker, the Paulist.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

Life is worth living when it is brightened by the grace and love of God; when it is ennobled by the practice of virtues, especially of charity, and when it is studded and gemmed with good deeds. To live for God and do for man is a holy and useful life. To do good and to lead others unto good is a precious life. To do wickedness and to lead others into wickedness is an execrable life.

Why we live is God's affair; how we live is our affair. No man's life need be

useless. The most lowly, the most afflicted can give an example of humility, patience, cheerfulness which is of value and an encouragement to all who witness such an example. The helpless cripple, sometimes best loved by the mother, affords an opportunity for others to practice patience and charity, sometimes in a very high and meritorious degree.

No one is meant to be a drone in God's creation. No one can fail of reward for being good and doing good. Hence it must be held that every human life is worth living.

Life is the first and most precious gift—and God alone can give it. It affords a capacity for untold good for ourselves and for others.

Human life means not only existence in this world but a continuance of existence for all eternity.

When we die, we only change places, for better or for worse, according to

whether our life has been employed in good or evil.

Why God has placed you and me here in this life will be made plain to us and to all the world on the last day at the general judgment.

"Every man's life is a plan of God."—H. Bushnell. "That life is in vain that leads not to a better."—"Uriel." "The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends."—Penn. "The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities."—Sir H. Taylor. "The fact is, that life is a service. The only question is whom will we serve?" Father Faber. "Life, like the waters of the briny ocean, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven."—Richter. "Life is the childhood of our immortality."—Goethe. "It is an infamy to die and not be missed."—"He that lives to live forever, never fears dying."—Penn.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life is a song;
But it is worth one's while
To be able to smile
When things go dead wrong."

"If you have had a kindness shown,
Pass it on—Pass it on!
It was not given you alone,
Pass it on—Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Wipe away some others' tears
'Till in Heav'n the deed appears,
Pass it on—Pass it on!"

(From Dr. Godshaw.)

DESTINY.

Destiny is here considered in a Christian, not in an irreligious or heathen sense.

We have a twofold destiny, one for this life and one for the life to come. Destiny is what we are made for, what we live for and for what we are endowed

with natural and supernatural capabilities. Every human being has his individual destiny; there is no constituted drone in creation's plan. The beneficent, allwise Providence has given us a destiny for good in this life and for better in the next. Holy Writ assures us that man is born into this world for labor. Labor is either manual or mental, both frequently conjoined. There are general and particular classes of labor. To gain one's livelihood by labor is the general class. The particular classes of labor follow the different avocations in human society. There are consequently grades in labor; the common or ordinary, the mechanical and the learned or scientific. There is the labor at home and the labor abroad. The necessity and incentive to labor is primarily self-support and the support of dependents. Other motives for labor are the acquisition of competency and wealth, of ambition and renown. Our

destiny ever remains to labor in some kind of employment, and this employment should always be useful and honorable.

Theodore Parker says: "You and I toiling for earth, may at the same time be a Jacob's ladder reaching up nearest to God." C. N. Bovee says: "Next to faith in God, is faith in labor." Robert Collyer says: "A man's best friends are his ten fingers." Carlyle says: "Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man." F. S. Osgood says: "Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us; from all the petty vexations that meet us; from the sin-promptings that assail us; from the world-sirens that lure us to ill." A. S. Hardy says: "Work is a great blessing; after evil came into the world, it was given as an antidote, not as a punishment." Tasso says: "The guard of virtue is labor and ease her sleep." Joubert says: "Genius begins

great works; labor alone finishes them." Mirabeau says: "Nothing is impossible to the man who can will and then do; this is the only law of success." Penn concludes in these words: "Love, therefore, labor; if thou shouldest not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome to body and good for the mind; it prevents the curse of idleness." We know that rest after labor is welcome and necessary. Our destiny hereafter is eternal rest from the labors in this world. There will be plenty of occupations in the next life, but no drudgery and no vexations as are met with in this life. Labor and fatigue are unknown in Heaven. Faithful and patient labor in obedience to the divine ordinance entitles to eternal reward, to eternal rest and to eternal joy.

Some call our destiny fate, as if some blind power, irrespective of our merits or of higher purposes predetermined us for poverty or riches, for good or ill for-

tune, for virtue or vice, for heaven or hell. This is a blasphemous error, condemned alike by sound reason and by the anathemas of God's Church. Says Shakespeare: "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." Says Epicurus: "A strict belief in fate is the worst kind of slavery; on the other hand there is comfort in the thought that God will be moved by our prayers." Says Tryon Edwards: "All things are ordered by God, but His Providence takes in our free agency, as well as His own sovereignty." Says Bulwer: "Fate! there is no fate. Between the thought and the success God is the only agent."

Whatever our lot be in this world, the sure hope of a better world must sustain and encourage us. The troubles and miseries of this life end with death; the joys and happiness in Heaven will know no end. This is our principal and everlasting destiny; thank God!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue and vice are habits of conduct, one for good, the other for evil. The virtuous are the best, the vicious, the worst of mankind. Single acts of virtue do not constitute the habit of virtue, no more than single acts of a vicious character prove the habit of vice. He who is wicked may do some good at times, as well as he who is good may do some wrong at times. Virtue and vice are here considered as the leading traits in a person's character. We call him virtuous whose conduct is always irreproachable and we call him vicious whose behavior is generally reprehensible. Virtue inclines to good deeds, as vice inclines to evil deeds. Virtue and vice divide mankind, it is feared, into unequal proportions. The votaries of virtue may be in the minority, yet they are the sinews and bones that hold together the body politic as well as the

body religious. Vice, by its tendency to wrong-doing, is disintegrating, even destructive of social well-being.

We cannot say that a person addicted to one vice, for instance, cursing, is addicted to all vices; no more than we can say that a person who practices one virtue, for instance, honesty, practices all possible virtues. The really vicious are given to many vices, and the really virtuous are adorned with many virtues. All vices run counter to the decalogue, and all virtues embrace the faithful and constant observance of all God's commandments. Is the practice of virtue easy or difficult? It is easy for those who choose to live upright and prefer what is good to what is evil. It is difficult for those who have naturally vicious inclinations, and for such who are surrounded by bad example. Can and ought everybody shun vice and practice virtue? Yes, must be the positive and unhesitating answer. Both God

and conscience require it, and society needs it above all else. The upright, the virtuous are the stay of the government, the promoters of peace and concord in society, and the sure means of love and contentment in the family. The strongest motive to become and remain virtuous is the hereafter. Virtue can look for reward, as vice must expect punishment. We truly say that virtue is its own reward, but a far greater awaits it in the mansions of everlasting bliss.

REMARKS ON VIRTUE AND VICE BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

"All bow to virtue, and then walk away."—De Finod. "The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct."—Pascal. "What the world calls virtue is a name and a

dream without Christ. The foundation of all human excellence must be laid deep in the blood of the Redeemer shed upon the cross and in the power of his resurrection."—F. W. Robertson. "Virtue consists in doing our duty in the various relations we sustain to ourselves, to our fellow-men and to God, as it is made known by reason, revelation and Providence."—A. Alexander. "Virtue is certainly the most noble and secure possession a man can have, preferable both to wealth and a noble extraction."—Savage. "This is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by the tempest."—Pythagoras. "No vassalage is so ignoble, no servitude so miserable, as that of vice."—Baxter. "Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains."—Colton. "Vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be damned than to be saved."—Colton.

"One sin doth provoke another."—Shakespeare. "Let thy vices die before thee."—Franklin. "Our pleasant vices are made the whip to scourge us."—Shakespeare. "The end of a dissolute life is, most commonly, a desperate death."—Bion. "Vice—that digs her own voluptuous tomb."—Byron. "The virtuous may be made to weep; the vicious ought to weep."—"Uriel."

ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

Envy and jealousy, considered in a reprehensible sense, are as closely allied as pride and vanity. All these have their roots in vitiated nature. The target for envy and jealousy is our neighbor. Uncharitableness is the motive-power of both envy and jealousy. Spite is a little word, but it means much in envy and jealousy. Envy is generally reticent and so disturbs only the interior. Jealousy is liable to speak out or be-

tray itself in looks and actions, and thus disturbs others. It is safe to say, there would be no jealousy if there were no envy. Girls are more inclined to envy and jealousy than boys, and women more than men. Yet no one is safe from the attacks of either. The havoc made in Paradise through envy, we all know. "Through the envy of the devil death came into the world." The envious forget this. All human envy carries the stamp of the devil's envy, and therefore is always harmful and sinful according to its degree of malice. Envy is directed against the good of another, whether this good be natural, acquired or bestowed. Envy pines at this good, and jealousy wishes or tries to wrest it from its possessor. Envy and jealousy are the devil's "virtues." Envy and jealousy are the disturbers of peace in all circles of the human family. Most of the outrages and atrocities are laid at the door of envy and jeal-

ousy. They were the most common instigators of feuds and wars. Socialism nowadays feeds principally on envy and jealousy. Envy is ever a base passion; not so jealousy if considered apart from envy. Worcester, the lexicographer, says: "The terms jealousy and jealous are often used in a good sense, particularly in the Bible, implying indignation or a strong disapprobation in having the love and service due to the proper object, or to one's self, given to another; as 'I, the Lord, am a jealous God.'—Exodus.. Again, 'I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy.'—2. Corinthian. Jealousy is a painful apprehension of losing what one posesses; envy is pain or dislike caused by seeing some good or advantage in the possession of another." Emulation is neither envy nor jealousy. It is praiseworthy when one strives to acquire a similar good, a similar virtue beheld in others, with no intention to depreciate those who possess

the good or the virtue. Emulation urges to efforts to become like unto those who are better than one's self. With regard to good qualities and virtues such efforts are very commendable. To seek to rival what is noble and excellent in others, is a virtue in itself. It has nothing in common either with low envy or mean jealousy.

"Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both. We should strive against it, for if indulged in, it will be to us as a foretaste of hell upon earth."—Burton.

"Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels."—Boufflers.

INTOXICATION.

All vices are ruinous; intoxication seems especially so. It is ruinous to body and soul; for this, and the next world. Complete drunkenness makes a man weak and unsteady; it makes his mind imbecile, his stomach a rebel against food, his nerves so many tormentors and his head like a windmill. Repetitions bring on delirium tremens, insanity and the convulsions of a horrible death. Do such dire consequences alarm the inebriate? Not when he is "in his cups." The semi-intoxicated is one to be feared; he is ready for quarrels, fighting, murder. It can be truthfully said that man, when drunk, ceases to be man. Oh, that all would shun the hydra-headed monster that has slain his thousands and tens of thousands,—that has ruined the fair prospects and good fortunes of countless families!

Alcohol, as a drink, allures by its subtle, exhilarating influence, but hides the poison it contains in greater or less proportions. Alcohol is not a human necessity; thousands live and must live without it. It brings good fortune rather to the seller than to the customer. Alcohol in excess may be styled a relentless robber, a slayer without mercy, that blindly kills without distinction of persons. High and low are levelled by its unerring stroke; it pursues its victims even into the grave, for the grave of the drunkard is without honor.

What a great pity that dangerous beverages should ever have been made the medium of hospitality and the expression of friendship! It has been thus from time immemorial; is it to so continue? Civilization will have to be changed in its requirements before this custom can, or will be changed. The friend that ~~offers~~ urges the tempting cup with one hand seems to have a dagger in the

other. This sounds severe but it is the truth especially of the one that tempts the weakling, who, when he has one drink, craves another and another. The first drink has often led to drunkenness. In this particular consists the danger and evil of treating. In America, more so than in other countries, this custom is very prevalent. Friends meet in a place where drinks are dispensed; one treats, the other drinks. Perhaps the treating goes the round of those present; what happens? Drinking becomes excessive, though at first not intentionally. The consequence is, that often more time and money is spent on unnecessary drinks than can be well afforded. Another consequence may be that home and business, for the time being, are likely to be neglected. These remarks refer mainly to those who have not sufficient self-control and are inclined to excess.

But let us be just and charitable. Drinking cannot properly be condemned absolutely; while caution is surely not out of place. Men are more inclined to abuse alcohol than women, but a drunken woman is a more pitiable sight than a drunken man. If there be no stop put to excessive drinking, both become equally fit subjects for the insane asylum, and soon for the undertaker. Why men are more inclined to drink than women is not easily explained. Seeking social intercourse will not explain it, for to this, both are equally inclined. Necessity will not explain it, for women may urge as many,—perhaps more—reasons for taking stimulants than men do. Since the days of Noah, among all nations intoxication has been known and practiced. When not induced by liquids, it has been brought on by smoking or chewing substances that had the same deleterious effect. The victims have always been

men, rather than women. It would seem that if the tempter in Paradise had offered a drink, Adam would have been the first to take it.

"I have four good reasons for being an abstainer;—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter and my purse is heavier."—Guthrie.

"Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain and spirit in the whole constitution."—Franklin.

HUMAN LOVE AND HUMAN HATRED.

The strongest feelings that can agitate the human heart are love and hatred. Love, not hatred, is agreeable to our nature. Love excludes hatred, as hatred excludes love with regard to the same person under the same circumstances. In true love there is a happy feeling, in hatred there is something of fury, exciting feelings of repulsion and revenge. Unrequited love makes the heart sore; hatred brings something of hell into it, for hell is the hapless place of most terrific and unrelenting hatred. Heaven, on the contrary, is the blessed abode of divine, angelic and human love in all its perfection. Love and hatred are considered here this side of heaven and hell. Our heart is made to love—craves love and will be satisfied only with reciprocal love. Love naturally

draws or excites love. We easily love those who love us; hence comes the love of parents, friends and benefactors. The heroic love of those who hate us being founded on religious motives, is far superior to mere natural love, and reaps a greater reward. Love is as much needed for human life as sunshine is for flowers. It brightens, cheers and sustains under all difficulties and hardships. The lot of one who has neither love in his own heart nor receives love from others is truly pitiable.

What is to be said concerning the so-called love that is undeserving of this dear and sweet name? There may be a hankering after what is low, mean and despicable, proceeding from a base desire to satisfy base passions, but surely this cannot be honored with the title of love. Real love seeks a worthy object, for love takes its quality from the object loved. The higher and more noble this is, the higher and more noble

is the love thereof. The love of God is the highest and noblest love and most needed to satisfy the human heart. There are degrees in love as well as there are different objects to be loved. A good maxim is this:

Rightly live and love;
Duly seek above
Perfect, endless love.

If love is benignant, hatred is malignant. The heart, possessed, or rather tormented by hatred, knows no peace; it is urged to thoughts, words and deeds of vengeance. It is said, love and a cough cannot be hid; neither can envy and hatred. The climax of envy is hatred. These two are the great instigators of crime and murder.

"Hatred is active, and envy passive dislike; there is but one step from envy to hate."—Goethe.

"I will tell you what to hate. Hate hyprocrisy; hate cant; hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, God-like hatred."—F. W. Robertson.

"Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves."—I. G. Brainard.

"Hatred is the madness of the heart."—Byron.

"All true love is grounded on esteem."—Buckingham.

"Love covers a multitude of sins. When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it."—South.

"Where there is room in the heart there is always room in the house."—Moore.

"All loves should be simply stepping-stones to the love of God."—Plato.

"It is the very essence of love to be willing to suffer for the good of others."—Spencer.

"It is the duty of men to love even those who injure them."—Marcus.

"No father or mother has loved you as God has; for it was that you might be happy He gave His only Son. When He bowed his head in the death-hour, love solemnized its triumph; the sacrifice was there completed."—Longfellow.

"Love sometimes turns into a tormentor; not seldom it exacts great sacrifices."—"Uriel."

"GOD."

God must be considered as God in Himself, as God the Creator and as our God. Him, we are obliged to worship, to love and to serve in this world in order to obtain happiness in the next; that is, in eternity. These three are one and the same God. God in Himself is self-existent and therefore eternal, with-

out beginning and without end. God is self-sufficient, and therefore a free and not a necessary Creator. God is our God, because there is no other God, nor can there be another.

"I am thy Lord, I am thy God,
Thy only Lord, thy only God."

This is the first commandment. God is self-existent, because He has the necessity of being in Himself, that is, in His divine nature. God is a free Creator, because creatures are neither necessary nor essential to His own glory and felicity. God is our God, and hence He is our destiny, our honor and glory, our most bountiful and greatest Benefactor. God is infinite, and therefore incomprehensible to any finite intelligence. He is, however, sufficiently comprehensible to us to know and understand that He is God and God alone. Our knowledge and understanding of God oblige us to

give Him worship, love and service and these three must be one and the same in every intelligent being. Worship involves love and service as love and service involve worship. Each of the three is the reason or the motive of the other two and unless all three are united, they are not sufficient nor can be acceptable to God. Whoever refuses worship, love and service to his God, is an anomaly in creation; he fails in the purpose of his creation, and utterly fails to obtain the purpose or end of his creation, which is the vision of God and everlasting happiness in Heaven. To worship God, is our bounden duty, to love God is our highest privilege and to serve God secures our greatest reward. Worship, love and service of God depend upon each other. Who worships, must love and serve; who loves must worship and serve; and who serves will surely worship and love. The prime motive of serving God is and must be our worship

and love of God, "Whom to serve, is to reign," says the Church in her Pontifical. Our greatest dignity, as intelligent creatures, consists in the worship, love and service of God who created us, of the Son of God who redeemed us, and of God the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us. By means of the worship, love and service of the Tri-une God, we can hold sway over the world, the devil and the flesh in this life and thereby secure to ourselves a blissful eternity, which will mainly consist in the worship and love of God "face to face" as the Scriptures express it.

"God—This is one of the names which we give to that eternal, infinite and incomprehensible Being, the Creator of all things, who preserves and governs everything by His almighty power and wisdom and who is the only object of our worship."—Cruden.

"They that deny God, destroy man's nobility; for clearly man is of kin to the

beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature."—Bacon.

"It is impossible to govern the world without God. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation."—Washington.

"In all His dispensations God is at work for our good. In prosperity He tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness, and at all times our obedience and trust in Him."—Tryon Edwards.

"A foe to God was never a true friend to man."—Young.

"I fear God, and next to God I chiefly fear him who fears not God."—Saadi.

"The very impossibility which I find to prove that God is not, discovers to me His existence."—Bruyer. "If we look

closely at this world, where God seems so utterly forgotten, we shall find that it is He, who, after all, commands the most fidelity and the most love."—Mad. Swetchine. "To escape from evil we must be made, as far as possible, like God; and this resemblance exists in becoming just, and holy, and wise."—Plato.

What mean worship, love and service of God? The essence of worship is adoration, in Latin called, "latria"; the essence of love is esteem, and the essence of service is obedience. Worship depends on superiority, love on perfection, and service on reward. Worship means the humble and respectful acknowledgment of God's infinitude, of His supreme dominion over us and of our entire dependence upon Him. The acts of worship must be interior and exterior; interior by the adoration of the soul alone, and exterior by the observance of all the rites and ceremonies or-

dained and practiced for the sole purpose of worshiping God with body and soul, for which all our Church services are ordained and practiced.

The love of God means the desire of union with God on account of His infinite perfections and His innumerable benefits conferred upon us with the promise of still greater in the next life. God is the only sufficient object of love for the human heart. He has created our heart to love Him above all things, even more than ourselves, since He has given us intelligence to know and worship Him. The service of God means keeping His commandments; it means avoiding evil and doing good. Whoever lives and acts in divine faith, hope and charity, certainly fulfills all obligations of the worship, love and service due to God in life and will reap the reward in the life to come. Whoever fails of this reward, will experience the justice of God in his everlasting

condemnation. Let us love God and we will do all the rest that is expected on our part, and God will do all He has promised on His part.

Love is proved by acts, not by words. God's love of us is proved by His benefits. Who loves, will give. Who loves not, is already dead and doomed in God's judgment.

We need not see God to love Him, for we see His works and experience His benefits.

Beautifully Father Faber writes in his book, "The Blessed Sacrament," page 313: "Seen by the moonlight of reason, as well as by the sunshine of revelation, all creation lies before us a vast region, every point of which is a hiding-place of Him who made it. With Him to reveal Himself is to conceal Himself. It seems a sort of necessity of His incomprehensible perfections. It adheres inseparably to the mystery of the Infinite stooping to disclose Himself to the

finite. We see Him best when He is veiled. He is to us what the face of Moses was to the people: we cannot look upon it because of its exceeding brightness.—His boundless perfection, as well as His love for us, renders this veiling in some way necessary."

GOD—"THE ANCIENT OF DAYS."

His throne .....omnipotence;
His habitation .....eternity;
His being .....infinity;
His life .....bliss;
His form .....beauty;
His appearance .....majesty;
His will .....goodness;
His knowledge .....wisdom;
His action .....perfection;
His standard .....sanctity;
His motive .....glory;
His word .....power;
His judgment .....justice;
His rewards..incomparable and endless;
His punishments .terrible and endless.

"Who is like unto God."—Cry of St. Michael. Jesus, Mary and Joseph are most like unto God. Who are most like unto Jesus, Mary and Joseph? The Angels and the Saints.

"GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE."

Everything about God is a mystery to us. God is, and will forever remain the incomprehensible, the infinite Mystery. How God is present everywhere, is a mystery. It is a mystery how He is present anywhere. As a Pure Spirit He occupies no place, needs no place; yet He fills every place, because, being infinite, that is, boundless, He exceeds all space. Surely God is not in a place as we are. He touches not things as we do. He is not touched by anything. He touches the earth less than do the sun's rays. Yet God penetrates all that exists; sees all that is done; hears all that is said; knows our very thoughts—all

because He is omnipresent. God is above all, around all, yea, in all, and yet He is not defiled by anything. By His power He created and sustains what He has created. By His will He accomplishes all He desires. Nothing is impossible to His omnipotence; nothing escapes His omnipresence. Will Heaven solve these two mysteries? We cannot say. We must say that God as God will always remain infinitely above the finite intelligence of angel and man.

"Yes, thou art ever present, power divine; not circumscribed by time, nor fixed by space, confined to altars, nor to temples bound. In wealth, in want, in freedom or in chains, in dungeons or in the thrones, the faithful find thee." —Hannah More. "Tell me, said a heathen philosopher to a Christian, where is God? First tell me, said the other, where He is not?"—Anonymous. "God, veiled in majesty, alone gives light and life to all; bids the great systems

move, and changing seasons in their turn advance, unmoved, unchanged Himself."—Somerville. "My faith hath no bed to rest upon but omnipotency."—Rutherford.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Long before the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary on December 8, 1854, by Pope Pius IX, of saintly memory, the English Protestant poet Wordsworth is duly credited with this remarkable line:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast," thereby avowing belief in the Immaculate Conception outside the Catholic Church. This short line, which would have done honor to any Catholic poet, expresses two great articles of Catholic faith.. The first is, that "our tainted nature" is the lot of all with only one exception, one "solitary boast"—the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom this line

refers. This is the second article of faith since the definition of the Immaculate Conception.

Most fittingly the destined Virgin Mother of Christ did not inherit the "tainted nature" through the foreseen merits of her divine Son. With consummate sanctity she was born; with consummate merits she died; and with consummate glory she reigns in Heaven with the Most Holy Trinity as Queen of Angels and Saints for all eternity.

"Uriel" desires, humbly and devoutly, to salute, honor and invoke "Our tainted nature's solitary boast" in the following manner:

Holy Mary, thou art the Daughter of God the Father, the Immaculate Mother of God the Son; and the holiest Spouse of God the Holy Ghost.

Holy Mary, thou art of all mere creatures the purest and greatest, the noblest and best, the most amiable and pre-eminent.

Holy Mary, thou art the most gifted in the order of nature, of grace and of glory.

Holy Mary, thou art the most nigh unto God, the most like unto God and the most dear unto God.

Holy Mary, thou hast obtained the highest creature sanctity, the highest creature destiny, and the highest creature veneration.

Holy Mary, thou art she, whose image was shown in Heaven, clad with the sun and moon and crowned with twelve stars.

Holy Mary, thou art alone in the sanctity of thy conception, in the dignity of thy maternity and in thy virginal fecundity.

Holy Mary, the Holy Writ styles thee, "The Mystical City" whose "foundations are upon the holy mountains," of which "glorious things are said."

Holy Mary, thou art the Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Spouse

of St. Joseph and the maternal bond of both.

Holy Mary, thou "the closed garden," "the sealed fountain," "the gate altogether closed."

Holy Mary, thou "the flower of the field," "the lily of the valley," "the sprout of the root of Jesse."

Holy Mary, thou art truly the rose of compassion, the lily of purity, the violet of humility.

Holy Mary, thou are the fairest flower of human kind, the rarest gem of earth, the brightest jewel of Heaven.

Holy Mary, by an Archangel saluted, by the power of the Most High made fruitful, by all nations called "blessed."

Holy Mary, thou star of heaven, thou star of the sea, thou "morning star."

Holy Mary, thou art a joy for heaven, a solace for earth, a terror for demons.

Holy Mary, in life most dolorous, in death most joyous, in assumption most glorious.

Holy Mary, praised as "the glory of Jerusalem," praised as "the joy of Israel," praised as "the honor of our people."

Holy Mary, thou more happy than Eve, more fortunate than Esther, more valiant than Judith.

Holy Mary, thy name means "Star of the sea," "Our Lady by excellence," "Oceans of graces and blessings."

Holy Mary, thou advocate of sinners, thou patroness of the pious, thou mirror of the saints.

Holy Mary, God alone is above thee, all else is beneath thee, thou are the Queen of the universe.

Holy Mary, Queen of St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, Queen of all angels and saints.

Holy Mary, God is our Father, thou art our Mother, through thee, Jesus is our Brother.

Holy Mary, of all creatures most honored by painter, sculptor, poet and orator.

Holy Mary, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast," most dear to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The surprising line is found in Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," Part Second, No. XXV. Title: "The Virgin" page 367 in the "Cyclopedia of Poetry."

WARDSWORTH'S SONNET, "THE VIRGIN," IN FULL.

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean toss'd,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak, strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some I ween

Not unforgiv'n, the suppliant knee might
bend
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

ST JOSEPH.

The best and truest description of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, "the earthly trinity," is found in their Litanies now current in the Church of God. If not absolutely all their grand titles and privileges are mentioned, those mentioned are sufficient to give us the approved and clearest account of their greatness, their holiness, and the power of intercession in the case of Mary and Joseph. It took nearly four centuries until all was defined concerning the Divinity and Sacred Humanity of our Blessed Redeemer and the Divine Maternity of His Immaculate Mother. Slowly in the succeeding centuries St. Joseph was

more and more mentioned and honored. It seemed reserved for our own days to bring St. Joseph into the prominence to which he is entitled as foster-father of Jesus and spouse of Mary. Nay, a supreme honor has been accorded him in recent years by being declared and constituted the Patron of the Universal Church. St. Joseph's Patronal Feast was extended to the whole church by Pius IX in 1847 and declared by the same, Patron of the Universal Church in 1870.

Hence St. Joseph now stands before us in his full dignity, and he receives his full share of honor with Jesus and Mary.

Two feasts honor him in the church's calendar. His principal feast is on the 19th of March, and on the third Sunday after Easter is his Patronal Feast. Henceforth Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the Holy Family, are inseparable in the mind of the church and in the sense of the

faithful. Where an altar is reared to the Mother of God, there also an altar is accorded to St. Joseph. This we see in most of our churches.

The crown of honor was placed on St. Joseph's brow by the approbation of his Litany by Pope Pius X on March 18, 1909. The invocations in the Litany divide into three parts. The first part tells us what duties and privileges God assigned to St. Joseph as the spouse of the Virgin Mother and as the foster-father of Jesus, the God-man. The second recounts what St. Joseph became through the grace of God by his virtues, and the third part sums up all that St. Joseph is and can be to all Christians in life and in death.

There are 300 days of Indulgence granted once a day for reciting this Litany in honor and in invocation of St. Joseph. The Indulgence is applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

All who practice a special devotion to St. Joseph are rewarded with astounding answers to their prayers. St. Joseph is invoked as the special patron of a happy death because when he died he had Jesus and Mary with him. Let us endeavor to obtain the grace of a happy death for ourselves through the powerful intercession of St. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus Christ, the holy spouse of His Virgin Mother Mary, and the glorious Patron of the Universal Church of God!

Protector of the Virgin Mother,
St. Joseph glorified,
Obtain that we of deaths no other
May die than thou hast died!

OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Have we an invisible companion, wheresoever we go? Yes: the Old and New Testaments assure us of this fact. This companion is a bright spirit from Heaven, selected and sent by God Him-

self to guard and guide us during our mortal life. What a favor! What an honor! Think of one of those celestial spirits, who has been happy in seeing and adoring the Triune God for unknown ages; a celestial spirit whose power and inteligence are incomparably superior to any man's power and intelligence. Such a one is chosen and sent to keep companionship with a poor, sinful mortal. Truly this is marvelous, truly this is undeserved. God's divine Providence has designed us to become the companions of angels in heaven; how appropriate is it not that they should be our companions in this vale of tears! Surely, we need a comforter in distress, a faithful guardian and strong defender in time of danger. All this, and much more, is our Guardian Angel to every one of us. Divine Providence does not need the ministry of angels to direct and protect us; still, the Lord wisely and benignly sends angels from

heaven to mingle with inhabitants of earth ,showing thus that angels and men are destined to form one great family in the Father's House. How glad are the angels on this account! How willing they render us services according to the Holy Will of their and our Creator!

As our Guardian Angel is invisible, we are mostly unaware of his sweet ministrations. These, however, generally concern our soul more than our body, though many are the instances and proofs of imminent dangers averted through the protection of the Guardian Angels. Who has not heard or read of such instances? Strange it is that we should ever forget the presence of our celestial companion—forget in what high and holy company we are, day and night! Should not respect for our Guardian Angel and our confidence in him be matter of daily practice? Should not our favorite devotion be to love and invoke our Guardian Angel? Let us

thank God often and fervently for giving us an Angel Guardian!

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."—Milton. "We are never like angels till our passions die."—Decker. "The Guardian Angels of life sometimes fly so high as to be beyond our sight, but they are always looking down upon us."—Richter. "The angels may have wider spheres of action and nobler forms of beauty than ourselves, but truth and right to them and to us are one and the same thing."—E. H. Chapin. "We may have a cherished and noble companion; but the most cherished and noblest is our Guardian Angel."—"Uriel." "A real friend is a treasure; our Guardian Angel is God's ambassador not only to befriend but also to protect and defend us."—"Uriel."

REASONS FOR BEING SORRY FOR SINS.

Because God is God, supreme good, etc.

Because Heaven is what it is, etc. (nothing defiled can enter there.)

Supreme and everlasting happiness, etc.

Because hell is what it is.

Supreme never-ending misery, etc. (Mortal sin deserves it.)

Because purgatory is what it is, etc. (Venial sin deserves it.)

Because Jesus and Mary suffered, and what they did suffer was on account of our sins.

Because it is the sole cause of pain and death in the world.

Because sin is an intrinsic evil, and can never be palliated nor excused.

Because sin offers to God, who has the fullest claim on our service, honor and love, only the blackest ingratitude,

insult and rottenness and all that is abominable in His sight, etc., etc.

"A suitable epitaph for a persistent sinner is: 'Thou fool.' "—"Uriel." "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God."—Catechism. "He who sins against men may fear discovery; but he who sins against God, is sure of it."—Jones. "Few love to hear the sins they love to act."—Shakespeare. "Our sins, like our shadows when day is in its glory, scarce appear; toward evening, how great and monstrous they are."—Suckling. "There is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing."—Howell. "No sin is small. It is against an infinite God, and may have consequences immeasurable. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch."—Jeremy Taylor. "Man-like it is, to fall into sin; fiend-like it is, to dwell therein; Christ-like it is, for sin to

grieve; God-like it is, all sin to leave."—Longfellow. "There is more bitterness in sin's ending than there ever was in its acting."—Dyer. "It is not only what we do, but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable."—Moliere.

REASONS FOR BEING SORRY FOR VENIAL SIN.

Because it is truly an offense against God, our Father and greatest Benefactor, who must of necessity see, know and notice it, etc.

Because its effects reach to heaven and purgatory, shuts the one for a time and opens the other for a time, etc.

Because its punishment is often severe in this world—Moses and others, etc.

Because it weakens the spiritual life of the soul, renders it languid and tepid, makes it unworthy of special graces and disposes it to the commission of mortal

sin; it diminishes the fervor of devotion and even the love of God.

Because it is a worse stain upon the soul than dirt or filth upon the cleanest garment:

> No spot upon the whitest fleece,
> No speck of dirt or filthy grease,
> Is e'er so ugly to our sight
> As taint of sin in God's pure light.

Because venial sin is something intrinsically evil, so that it can never be lawful or excusable, even to empty hell or purgatory.

Because of ourselves we could never adequately atone for the least venial sin to God's majesty and justice.

"There are some sins which are more justly to be denominated surprises than infidelities. To such the world should be lenient, as, doubtless, heaven is forgiving."—Massillon. "If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil;

only his consent makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted; it is to yield and be overcome."—Penn. "Most sins begin at the eyes; by them commonly, Satan creeps into the heart; that man can never be in safety that hath not covenanted with his eyes."—South. "He that has light thoughts of sin never has great thoughts of God."—Owen. "I fear nothing but doing wrong."—Sterne.

ON MAKING ONE'S CONFESSION.

Making one's confession should not be difficult or irksome. We willingly seek relief from the ailments of the body, why not from the ailments of the soul? Which of these are more serious? For the remedy of such ailments we go—not to the drug store, but to the confessional. We make our confession—not to be punished, but to be forgiven. We should not be deterred from confession by the slight confusion naturally incident to

making our sins known to the priest. He is bound to inviolable secrecy. He is bound to hear the accusation of our sins in order to impart absolution and this is of divine institution. There is a common saying: "Confession is good for the soul." Without absolution the soul is not freed from its sins in all ordinary cases.

The burden of sin will surely be lifted from our conscience if we confess plainly, fully and contritely. The confessor must hear and understand the nature and number of all mortal sins that have been committed. Whoever may have only lighter transgressions to confess, should be sorry for them in general; for some graver faults in particular. With regard to minor faults, some purpose of amendment is also required. To insure necessary contrition for absolution it is well to add some sin or sins from one's past life, for which the penitent feels sure that he has contrition. The short

rule for a good confession is this: CONFESS YOUR SINS. CONFESS your sins without delay, without exaggeration or excuse. Confess YOUR sins, not the sins of any one else. Confess your SINS, and nothing else that is not strictly connected with your sins or your state of conscience. The confessional, it should be remembered, is for accusation—not for conversation. To ask advice, however, or to seek counsel in spiritual matters is always allowable; but brevity should be observed. Neither the confessor nor those waiting to go to confession should be delayed by lengthy details. If such should be necessary, the priest should be consulted outside the confessional, at some convenient time.

Some seem to think that the oftener they repeat—the more words they use—the better their confession. The confessor is certainly not of this opinion; he prefers only necessary words and NO repetition. A bore in the confessional

is worse than anywhere else. The confessor should be trusted to understand easily and readily. If necessary, he will ask questions, but it is far better if there be no need of his doing so. Penitents can make the burden of hearing confessions either light or heavy. The lightest are heavy enough—especially at certain times. All should remember that the penitent has the satisfaction and benefit of the confession—the confessor the burden and the responsibility. Therefore, penitents should often pray for their Father Confessor. All spiritual writers advise going to the same confessor, if at all possible. All sinners have good reason to thank our Blessed Savior for the institution of the Sacrament of Penance.

"The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works."—St. Augustine. "If thou wouldst be justified, acknowledge thine injustice. He that confesses his sin, begins his journey to-

ward salvation. He that is sorry for it, mends his pace. He that forsakes it, is at his journey's end."—Quarles. "Confession flowing opens the way for mercy. If I have not a contrite heart, God's mercy will never be mine; but if God had not manifested his mercy in Christ, I could never have had a contrite heart." —Arnot. "I confess to God, when I confess to his priest."—"Uriel."

MEDITATION.

It has been said: Without the knowledge of history one remains ever a child; it can also be said: Without the practice of meditation one remains ever a beginner in the spiritual life. It seems to be the rule of many to have no rule, no order, no method, in their process of thinking, of reflecting and meditating. They build without measurements; they travel without compass; they gather—but it is dust.

If variety delights the mind, there is no greater than in the range of subjects for meditation; for it reaches from the Creator to the least of His creatures, from heaven to earth, from time to eternity.

God and our Lord, Jesus Christ, must ever be our chief and supreme objects of meditation; next to these our own salvation and sanctification. Meditation can easily be started by asking one's self questions regarding the subject of meditation. The effect or fruit of meditation should be to enlighten the mind, move the heart, the hands and the feet; or in other words, there must be a practical result, a fixed determination to do or omit something, that will be conducive to the greater glory of God, to the edification and utility of our neighbor and to our own salvation and sanctification. All think—few meditate.

"One of the rarest of all acquirements is the faculty of profitable meditation."

—Boyd. "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours and ask them what report they bore to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news."—Young. "Meditation is the nurse of thought and thought the food for meditation."—C. Simmons. "It is easier to go six miles to hear a sermon, than to spend one-quarter of an hour in meditating upon it when I come home."--Philip Henry. "Meditation is that exercise of the mind by which it recalls a known truth, as some kind of creatures do their food, to be ruminated upon till all the valuable parts be extracted." — Bp. Horne. "In meditation we should imitate the bees; they are not content simply to light upon a flower, but busy themselves to extract the material for the honey; in like manner we must in meditation busy ourselves to extract the truths that will enlighten our minds and move our wills to bring forth fruits for life everlasting."—"Uriel."

SACRIFICE.

The word "Sacrifice" has divergent meanings and applications. It is here considered in its proper sense—the highest cult that man can offer to the Deity, whether true or false. According to Moses, sacrifice was offered to God by the first human family. It was continued by the descendents, Abel Noah, Abraham, Melchisedech, are examples. Through Moses, sacrifices of fruits and animals with various ceremonies were made obligatory by legislative enactment. They are called the Jewish sacrifices. Sacrifices of different kinds were offered by the worshipers of idols. The inference from these facts is, that in his relations to true or supposed divinity, sacrifices must be natural to man. A natural instinct led true and false believers to honor and propitiate God or gods by offering sacrifices. These were different at different times and in differ-

ent nations. Fruits of the earth, animals and even human beings, were offered in sacrifices. Abraham alone, of all true believers, was once very near offering a human sacrifice, but was prevented from doing so by direct intervention of God.

In the New Law we have no other than a human-divine sacrifice; for the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the living Christ is the only lawful sacrifice since the day He died upon the cross. No other sacrifice can be compared with this in value. There could not be a sacrifice of infinite value before the death of Christ on the cross. His sacrifice, then, proves the pre-eminence of the New Law. Fruits of the earth, animals, and the slaughter of even human beings cannot be compared with the Victim immolated in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Hence, this has superseded all other offerings as the supreme worship of the Supreme Being. Heathen sacrifices were mainly made to propitiate and to obtain favors.

The Mass is offered up to God and to God alone as a sacrifice of adoration, propitiation, impetration and thanksgiving. Thus, it covers the whole ground for which sacrifices may be offered. The sacrifice of the Mass is therefore not only intrinsically of infinite value with respect to God, but it contains all the purposes for which sacrifice can be made to God for our own needs. In the Mass, we unite our acts of adoration, propitiation, petition and thanksgiving with the living Christ whose sacred Body and Blood are the sole sacrifice of the New Law. Who can fail to understand the efficiacy of the Mass and its value for the living and the dead? Who cannot understand why the church requires, under pain of mortal sin, the presence of her members at Mass, at least on Sundays and Holy Days of obligation? By this law, the value, importance and the necessity of the Mass are expressed and enforced.

In and through the consecration of the hosts during the Mass we have the continued presence of Jesus Christ as the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar for the purpose of adoration and reception in Holy Communion; for the purposes of Benediction, Exposition, Procession, and other liturgical ceremonies. Thereby we have the opportunity of approaching near to our Sacramental Lord, of seeing Him veiled in the Consecrated Host, of offering Him our acts of adoration and petition, of thanksgiving and reparation, and all those acts which piety and love suggest and require. In and through the Mass we have our greatest treasure upon earth, the living fount of grace and blessing, of consolation and encouragement during our earthly pilgrimage and the surest pledge of a glorious resurrection. In the Mass we have the all-atoning sacrifice for the living and the dead. The consecration during the Mass

is the most stupendous fact in Christendom.

Sad to think that Holy Mass is so often neglected or attended without due respect and devotion. Sad to think the Sacramental Lord who may be styled "the Host-Christ," is so seldom visited and received in Holy Communion. Dear reader, let us not be of their number. Our best interests should prevent it. . .

"Whene'er we go to Mass,
To Heaven's court we pass,
Not seen by mortal eye,
Though sure the Lord is nigh."
A Quotation.

CHRIST VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

Christ is no longer visible on earth—but is not His house, the church, visible? When you look upon the Consecrated Host, are you not looking upon Christ and is not Christ looking upon you? He is indeed veiled, lest on account of our

weakness the splendor of His majesty should crush us. Are we not sometimes awed in the presence of superior power, intelligence, or genius? How then could we bear the presence of our Judge, clothed with omnipotence, omniscience and infinite majesty? We would feel our littleness far more than the peasant in presence of his king. Where would there be room for faith in Christ if He were personally visible? Has the sinner deserved such a favor? Would His visible presence guarantee a greater veneration or deeper adoration in those who love and worship Him? Is He not represented to us in thousands of ways to help our imagination, to picture to ourselves His personality? We try to see Him in pictures, to realize His majesty in statuary, to feel His infinite love throbbing in every Sacrament and ordinance of His Holy Church.

The Jews of old saw Christ, heard His wonderful teaching and witnessed His

astounding miracles; yet, comparatively few believed in Him—many persecuted Him even unto death. He submitted because He came to suffer. But the risen and glorious Christ, no longer subject to suffering and death could not be visible in the same manner as He was visible to the Jews. Where would He be visible? Would not the place or country blessed by His Glorified Presence have an enviable preference? Could the wicked endure His presence without incurring greater guilt and swifter punishment? Would it not be the exclusive privilege of only a few of those devoted to Christ throughout the entire world to enjoy His benign presence? Father Faber, in his book, "The Blessed Sacrament," says: "Human life, as God ordained it in the world, would have become impossible if the visible presence of Jesus had continued after His resurrection had been proclaimed, His Faith taught and His Church established." On

page 155 he gives weighty reasons for the discontinuance of the visible presence. On the eve of His Passion, Christ said to His Apostles: "It is expedient for you that I go away." Undoubtedly it was expedient for us and for the whole world that on the day of His Ascension He withdrew His visible presence and left us His Sacramental Presence until the consummation of the world.

"The name of Christ—the one great word—well worth all languages in earth or heaven."—Bailey. "This is the part of the glory of Christ as compared with the chiefest of His servants, that He alone stands at the absolute center of humanity, the one completely harmonious man, unfolding all which was and is in humanity, equally and fully on all sides, the only one in whom the real and ideal meet and are absolutely one. He is the absolute truth, the perfect truth, the highest that humanity can reach; at once its perfect image and supreme

Lord."—Anonymous. "As the print of the seal is the express image of the seal itself, so Christ is the express image—the perfect representation of God."—St. Ambrose.

"DIVINE WORSHIP."

"We should worship as though the Deity were present. If my mind is not engaged in my worship it is as though I worship not."—Words of Confucius. "The tongue blessing God without the heart is but a tinkling cymbal; the heart blessing God without the tongue is sweet but silent music; both in concert make their harmony, which fills and delights heaven and earth."—Words of Venning. "I have never known a man, who habitually and on principle absented himself from the public worship of God, who did not sooner or later bring sorrow upon himself or his family."—Words of Bellows. "The dullest observer must be

sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the keynote to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony."—Words of Washington Irving. "A church-going people are apt to be a law-abiding people."—Words of E. A. Park. "It is for the sake of man, not of God, that worship and prayers are required; that man may be made better—that he may be confirmed in a proper sense of his dependent state, and acquire those pious and virtuous dispositions in which his highest improvement consists."—Words of Blair. "What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship?"

"First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow or good-day."
Words of T. Randolph.

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."
Words of Shakespeare.

"It is an axiom of the Christian faith that the mode of worship must correspond to the essence of God, which is spiritual, and the feeling of the worshiper must correspond to the character of God, which is paternal."—Words of J. P. Thomson.

It must certainly be believed that Jesus Christ, the Law-giver of the New Dispensation, has adapted to all human wants all the provisions which He has established in His ever-enduring church. The chief of these provisions are the Holy Sacraments. Amongst these is the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar as Sacrifice and as a participation by Holy Communion. Christ would give us more in the New, than was granted in the Old Dispensation. The Jews had sacrifices of animals and the manna in the desert;

we have an infinite sacrifice in the Mass and the "true Bread that came down from heaven," in Holy Communion. All nations of all times show that there is an inate necessity in the human breast of adoring some superior Being. Heathens and the fetiches of dark Africa not knowing the true God, made to themselves idols rather than be without something to adore. That Jesus Christ took into account this instinctive feeling of adoration of something visible, may well be asserted. If we had no Sacrament of the Altar, no Consecrated Host to adore, no Holy Communion to receive, would we not be at a loss how to worship God properly and acceptably and gain an intimate union with Him? How could Christ's memory, as He desired at the last supper, be perpetuated, unless He left Himself for the legitimate and perpetual adoration of all His believers? As man will and must worship and have a sacrifice, our Divine Lord

has superabundantly satisfied this necessity by means of the Adorable Sacrifice of the altar, by means of the Consecrated Host and by means of Holy Communion. Without these we would have only a historical Christ too far away from us to interest us in a vivid, constant commemoration of Him or in a proper religious cult. The real personal presence of our Divine Saviour seems therefore absolutely necessary. We worship Jesus Christ; we adore God when we adore the Consecrated Host; we receive God, when we receive Holy Communion. What a blessing, what a condescension on the part of the Son of God to be our sacrifice and our food! Blessed be His holy name forever and ever! Amen.

IMAGES OF THE TRI-UNE CREATOR.

All material things carry the impress of the Tri-une Creator. There is no need of specifying, where there is no exception. If the painter, sculptor, artist and workmen generally communicate something of their own individuality to their works how much more must it be expected of the Tri-une Creator to impress some kind of similarity upon the creatures which He has called forth from nothingness for His own honor and glory? This impress is easily detected from the lofty mountain to the grain of sand; from the vast ocean to the drop of water; from the whole universe to the merest atom. All that is, can or will be, must have a substance, a form or shape, a quality or effect, which makes it what it is. These three are never wanting and never can be wanting in anything whatsoever. Therefore every-

thing carries and must carry the stamp of the Tri-une Creator. Even apparently immaterial things are not excepted. Light, air, electricity, and the like, are not without their substance, their form or shape, their quality or effect, only they are not so perceptible as in grosser things. In every word spoken there is the breath, the sound and the word, and all three belong together. In the word written or printed there is the substance needed for the writing or printing, there is the form or shape of the letters and the word formed by the letters. Even each letter has substance, form and expression for what it stands. Go through all creation and you must find and acknowledge the impress of the Tri-une Creator. It is this impress that primarily praises the Creator in small as well as in bulky things. Hence, in the song of the three children in the fiery furnace and in the many psalms, all nature is called upon to praise the Lord.

Go we higher up into the domain of the spiritual and intelligent beings, then the impress becomes a veritable image of the Tri-une Creator. Every celestial spirit and every human soul has and must have a substance in which each subsists. This substance has and must have some kind of form or shape, although in this life we cannot form to ourselves an adequate idea or image what this form or shape is like, because our ideas revolve only in the material order. Our material eyes cannot see an immaterial being, such as an angel or a soul; far less can we see God, who is the supreme divine Spirit, the Creator of both matter and spirit, of things visible and invisible. All apparitions of God and angels were bound to be through the medium of an assumed material shape. Hence the seances of our day spiritists are utter deceptions. Neither angel nor devil, as such, can ever be seen by human eye.

If spirits and souls have substance, form and quality in common with material things, their substance, form and quality are of a totally different order, fitted to bear the image of the Tri-une Creator. They have a spirit-nature, a spirit-form and a spirit-quality like unto the Creator Himself in greater or less resemblance. Hence the praise rendered by intelligent beings is far more worthy of the Creator's acceptance than the praise elicited from material things. If earth, sun, moon and stars render unconscious praise to their Creator by their substance, form and quality, how much more are we bound to rended conscious praise to Him who elevated us to the highest order of beings in His grand and magnificent creation! The doxology must often be upon our lips and ever in our hearts: "Glory be to the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be ~~wrold~~ world without end. Amen.

God can never see His equal, but God does see in all existing and possible things an image or likeness of Himself, no matter how faint it may be. There are the three great divisions of nature, grace and glory. The first is near, the second nearer and the third the nearest to a wonderful semblance of the Tri-une God.

It follows from what has been said that the greater the similarity and the nearer the relationship with the Tri-une God, the greater is the honor and the dignity of the creature. The Blessed Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Mother of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as such is pre-eminently endowed with the greatest similarity and the closest relationship with the Tri-une God. Hence she possesses the highest honor and dignity of all actual and possible creatures. In close proximity to her are the Holy Angels and the Saints and more or less all of heaven's inhabitants. All these are

God's choicest, noblest, happiest and glorious creatures with their most exalted and loveliest Queen, who upon earth styled herself the lowly handmaid of the Lord. We can all join their glorious company by imitating their virtues, which alone have made them similar to the Most Holy and sharers of His unspeakable blessedness.

A DEEP CHERISHED SURMISE.

There is a surmise so constant and deep-seated in "Uriel's" heart and soul, that he cannot help expressing it on this given occasion. It has reference to the continuation of the Eucharistic Presence in the Consecrated Host. The church will never pronounce on this surmise, for there will be no necessity for doing so. However, some spiritual writers, some Saints and grave theologians have countenanced this surmise, namely: That a Consecrated Host, per-

haps the last one consecrated, will be borne to heaven at the end of the world and placed in the most worthy living tabernacle, the Mother of God, Queen of angels and saints. More than a hundred reasons and motives for this surmise have presented themselves, some of which "Uriel" is anxious to place before his readers. Of course, the Consecrated Host would no longer continue as a Sacrament, conferring grace, for Sacraments are not needed in heaven; nor would the writer dare to affirm any intrinsic necessity for the preservation of a Consecrated Host. But as our Eucharistic Lord alone gives adequate honor and adoration to God on earth, this honor and adoration could continue in heaven by means of the Consecrated Host, offered by the Eternal High Priest Himself to our Heavenly Father, an honor and adoration infinitely surpassing all possible honor and adoration given by the in-

habitants of heaven. Their adoration would be joined to His and thereby become more worthy of the Eternal God. If God destroys none of His works, as Holy Scripture asserts, why should the greatest and best cease to be? If, as many surmise, the Holy Eucharist was mainly instituted by our Lord for the sake of his Holy Mother Mary, why should she be deprived of it in heaven? Earth gave to the Savior the crib, the cross and the stony sepulchre; the church gives Him tabernacles of wood and marble, rarely of silver and gold, the best she can afford. Shall the Living One never occupy a permanent living tabernacle? Shall the Blessed Mother of God be less privileged in heaven than she was upon earth? Here she carried her divine Son for nine months in her chaste womb, and for a few years upon her arms, and, as was revealed to Saints, the Sacred Species remained uncorrupted in her from one

Communion to another after the descent of the Holy Ghost. Shall she have in heaven only the company of her divine Son and not be allowed to carry Him any longer? What would, naturally speaking, be her desire, only to see her divine Son or to have Him again in her possession? Who will deny that God can preserve the Consecrated Host forever, if such be His Holy Will? Will He do less for the Queen of Heaven than He has done for His "handmaid" upon earth? The Immaculate Mother of Jesus was "unique" upon earth; would she not be "unique" in heaven by being the living monstrance bearing and showing the Consecrated Host for the complacency of the Eternal Father and for the delight of the Holy Ghost, as well as for the jubilation of angels and saints? Would not the deputed angels, especially St. Michael, the guardian of the Blessed Sacrament, all who kept company with our Sacramental Lord, re-

joice to continue in heaven their honorable service? Would not the Saints and all who loved, adored and received the Holy Eucharist, wish and desire to continue to behold the Consecrated Host, from which they drew their graces, their consolation and strength during their mortal life, and behold Him in heaven as they beheld Him in our churches? Would the church triumphant not be more glorious and jubilant in possessing in heaven, what she possessed upon earth as the church militant? Would not all heaven desire the opportunity of making joyous reparation for all the neglects, the insults, and outrages the Emmanuel received and silently sustained in His Sacrament of love? Eternity would not be too long to do this. Moreover, would not the Consecrated Host serve for the grandest processions that could be witnessed in heaven, of which all Eucharistic processions upon earth could only bear a faint resemb-

lance? Shall the church's feasts and liturgy in honor of the Blessed Sacrament be altogether done away with and forever? "Uriel's" heart and soul cry out: No, forever no! Yet, he is neither sure himself nor can he assure anyone else that a Consecrated Host will be present in heaven forever; but he can believe it and hope for it. He can pray that one day he may see his surmise fully realized for the greater glory of God, for the greatest honor of His Holy Mother, and for the increase of joy and jubilation among the inhabitants of heaven. Fiat! Fiat!

The justly renowned ascetical writer, Father Frederick Faber, D. D., in his book, "The Blessed Sacrament," mentions a splendid intrinsic reason for the preservation of a Consecrated Host in Heaven. He says on page 501: "Some have believed that so dear to Jesus is the union between Himself and the Sacramental Species that He will preserve

it to all eternity." On the same page in a footnote are these words: "Some theologians have held and defended this opinion." The same pious and learned author in one of his books states that creation was determined upon that the Holy Ghost might not be unprolific, and that after the general judgment the kingdom of heaven will be made over to the Holy Ghost for His special ownership. Nevertheless, it must be remarked, this grand realm of happy and glorious beings would not be an adequate gift to a divine person. But surely the gift would be adequate if the Consecrated Host were included in the gift, the most glorious spouse of the Holy Ghost being the bearer of a divine gift to a divine person.

It seems very significant that it was the Holy Ghost who principally fashioned the Sacred Humanity in the Virgin's womb. By means of the Consecrated Host, given along with His Im-

maculate Mother, Christ would express to the Holy Ghost an adequate gratitude for His Sacred Humanity. What an incentive to adore, honor and love the Holy Ghost, if we are to be His own in a special manner for all eternity! Thank God! we have in the Church a Society of priests called: The Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Let us join them frequently in their devotions to the Third Person of the ever adorable Trinity, who is our Paraclete, our Sanctifier here and our Beatifier and Glorifier hereafter through Jesus Christ in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

The foregoing surmise is daringly, but reverently carried still further in surmising that, if a Consecrated Host will be preserved in Heaven, it will be "The Presanctified," that is, the Consecrated Host reserved in the Churches for Good Friday. All the "Presanctified Hosts" in the world may perhaps coalesce into one, and befittingly reserved

for the everlasting "Good Day." On the first Good Friday the Sacred Humanity of our divine Redeemer sustained the deepest humiliation; very appropriately the same Sacred Humanity, as our Emmanuel, would receive the highest exaltation on the last Good Friday. In this case a "three days' grace" would be given to the world before its destruction, namely, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday. Saturday and Sunday being the days of the Lord's rest in the Old and New Dispensation, the world's destruction would then occur on week days in a measure corresponding to the days of creation.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the book of books, the most ancient, most wonderful and most venerable in the world. It is styled the Holy Book because it contains the Word

of God, and as such demands our veneration and acceptance. It is the oldest, reliable Record of the good and evil doings of mankind, showing both the blessed path of righteousness and the accursed road of wickedness, inviting upon the one, and deterring from the other. It is the Book of the revelation of God to man, of truths to be believed, of duties to be performed, and of mortal offenses to be avoided. Blessed is he who keeps the Bible's holy injunctions!

"A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free-flowing outlines, grand in sincerity, in its simplicity and in its epic melody."—Carlyle. "There is a book worth all other books which were ever printed."—Patrick Henry. "Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years."—Spurgeon.

LIFE.

Nothing so one's own, individually, singly one's own, as life. Nothing which instinct and reason seek more to preserve and guard against danger, as life. Nothing that confers powers, brings joys or sorrows, delights or sufferings, as life. Nothing more distinguishes one from another than life. Nothing can be more useful or detrimental to the possessor and others, than life. Nothing that elevates or depresses so much as the use made of life.

"One life—a little gleam between two eternities; no second chance for us forever more."—Carlyle. "The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better and the longest life is short if it does not."—Colton. "It is a truth to be remembered that this life which is mortal, is given to us that we may prepare for the life which is immortal."—St. Francis de Sales.

HALLOWED ACTIONS.

Our English ascetical and poetical writer, the Rev. Frederick William Faber, D. D., member of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri, has this beautiful thought concerning hallowed actions: "Our actions must be so many lovely-faced statues, with their hands clasped and their eyes upturned to heaven, full of self-oblivion and beautiful adoration. Every action of man, whose mind is in prayer and his feelings in worship, is itself a divine work of art, exceedingly lovely, far before frieze of temple or old Attic sculpture, a study more deeply imbued with the very essence of beauty than all the hallowed remnants of fascinating antiquity."

See Book of the "Blessed Sacrament," Page 226. 18th American Edition.

Strange to say, our thoughts, words and actions are tell-tales. We are stereoscoped every moment of our lives. We

present a two-fold appearance, one to God at all times, the other to our fellow-man oftentimes. Nay, there is no need of any instrument, the Omniscient sees and knows everything actual and possible. It must be so; it is good for us that it is so. With God no hollowed action that is like a "lovely-faced statue" will ever be lost or forgotten. What consolation! What encouragement! With God all things are permanent that have any similarity with Him. Acts that are positively evil have also a permanency, but without God's complacency. Therefore, as hallowed actions have an appearance before God like "lovely-faced statues," evil deeds must certainly appear before Him as did the idols of old, deformed, hideous, execrable.

Our hallowed actions will be like "lovely-faced statues" to adorn our mansions of bliss in Heaven as evil actions will be the interminable fright and torment in the infernal abyss.

Why do we not recognize and appreciate the value of our actions for good, and forget the consequences of our actions for evil? We are necessarily like painters and sculptors; our doings are either fair or foul, honorable or dishonorable, acceptable or reprovable, deserving either reward or punishment. We are doing either good or evil every day. Would to God, we would at times review our works as a general does his army! The battle is on. Defeat means destruction; victory means crown and everlasting glory. One or the other will be the lot of everyone of us.

"Actions are ours; their good consequences belong to heaven."—Sir P. Francis. "Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity."—E. H. Chapin. "Nothing ever happens but once in this world. What I do now I do once for all. It is over and gone with all its eternity of solemn meaning."—Carlyle. "Only the

actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."—Shirley. "Unselfish and noble actions are the most radiant pages in the biography of souls."—Thomas. "Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action for eternity."—Lavator. "A good action is never lost; it is a treasure laid up and guarded for the door's need."—Calderon. "Existence was given us for action. Our worth is determined by the good deeds we do rather than by the fine emotions we feel."—E. L. Magoon. "I have never heard anything about the resolutions of the Apostles, but a deal about their acts."—H. Mann.

BEAUTY.

What would beauty be
Without light?
You no beauty see
In the night.

This subject carries universal interest; for beauty, love and money sway the world. Whatever catches and rivets the eye, is accounted beautiful by the beholder. We all carry within us an ideal of the beautiful, but which we may not call a standard. Hence we know when a person or an object is beautiful. The form of beauty consists in the symmetry of parts; perfect symmetry is perfect beauty; this is rare. The glitter of ornaments or the brightness of colors do not produce beauty, but they may enhance it. Real beauty must be inherent. Surface beauty is neither constant nor lasting. Hence the sayings: "As frail as beauty." "Beauty is only skin deep." Everything has some beauty; some-

things, like some persons, have great beauty, though we are never warranted in saying: "A beautiful pig." Some objects, like some animals, inspire horror; but these are exceptions. Yet even these may not be altogether devoid of a peculiar beauty. The viper has beauty in the gloss and colors of its skin. The same may be said of certain animals we do not like to see. Beauty is far more general than proud man is often loth to admit. Beauty in all beings or objects is either natural or artificial. The natural beauty is generally the greater, the artificial is often very striking, as in the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, mechanism, fabric traceries, etc. In our times nearly everything is made to beauty's form, from the house to the furnishings, from the dishpan to the broomhandle. Articles of commerce are now especially made beautiful and attractive to please the eye and induce purchase. Witness the drug stores and show win-

dows, etc. Our sense of beauty is certainly gratified to an extent that our ancestors never dreamed of. Whether this has increased our happiness or contentment, may remain a mooted question. The chief beauty we meet with in this visible world, it is agreed, resides in the human form and in the human face. Why so? Because it has life. It is a living, moving beauty. The noble upright form, the eye that sparkles and flashes, the lips that move and speak, rightly claim the principal beauty. But body, form and face beauty depend upon symmetry, that is, the shape, contour, expression and color must be so united and blended as to show forth something perfect. This perfection produces the charm of beauty. We are far from allowing that every human face is beautiful. As a rule, women are rather possessed of beauty, men rather of strength. God MADE man, He FORMED woman. It is passing

strange that many favored faces are made to trust more to ornament than to native beauty. Borrowed beauty can never have the charm of natural beauty. Few are deceived by ornaments, many more are delighted to see the face as nature made it. Why will female beauties persist in hiding their own beauty under sometimes an actual load of ornamental trimmings? Fashion and the care for the delicate tint of the skin are alleged as a reason and as an excuse. But is the milky white skin preferable to a rosy one? Females may think so, men generally do not. A healthy, robust constitution seldom parades a skin so white that it rather indicates the absence of health and vigor. Why be afraid of sunshine, when not too strong, which vitalizes all things? Does not this avoidance explain the early ailings of many females? It is related that there lived in Paris about a century ago a lady of such exceeding

beauty and comliness that crowds followed her wherever she went.

But let us turn from the beauty of the body to the beauty of the soul. This is more prize-worthy; this is more general and lasting. Truly and fully beautiful is only one that combines interior with exterior beauty. Beauty is God-given and Heaven is its home. In Heaven all are beautiful with an unfading, everlasting beauty. The counterpart on earth is a soul pure, charitable and humble. Virtues will cast a beauty even over an ordinary countenance. Some one has said:. "The truly good is always beautiful enough." Indulged passions warp the soul and distort the delicate lineaments of the face. Proud demeanor mars personal beauty and amiable demeanor hightens it. It is far better to be loved than simply admired. Virtues therefore are most prized by the wise. We know well that personal beauty is the fortune of some and for

some a misfortune. Virtues are a fortune for every possesor and the ruin of no one. Let beauty of the body be ever united with the beauty of the soul; a greater, a nobler than this double beauty cannot be found amongst all earthly beauties. The French saying is: "Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is as a flower without fragrance."

Beauty, like gold, has its intrinsic value, but, unlike gold, has no stability. High personal beauty is a rare distinction, but brings with it the danger of pride and vanity within, and the danger of the despoiler without. Let such remember that beauty is not self-given and can be speedily marred and totally lost; they should be ever on the alert when danger threatens, so that a high gift may not lead to a low fall. All created beauty should be estimated as a ray from the uncreated Infinite Beauty of God. Beauty is a part of our happiness in this life. Some persons or things beautiful

we only admire, but some we both love, admire and strive for possession; such solicit the heart and provoke love; hence the desire of possession.

"Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite. Like truth and justice it lives within us; like virtue and the moral law it is a companion of the soul."—Bancroft. "Personal beauty," says Aristotle, "is better than all letters of recommendation." . "Beauty is an outward gift which is seldom despised, except it has been refused."—Gibbons. "Beauty is the first present nature gives and the first it takes away."—Mere. "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything that is beautiful; for beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside beacon. Welcome it in every fair face, in every fair sky, in every fair flower, and thank God, for it is a cup of blessing."—Emerson. "O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem by that sweet ornament which virtue imparts!"

—Shakespeare. "The best fitting mates are virtue and beauty."—"Uriel." "Love earth's beauty, but love Heaven's beauty far more. In Heaven the vision of the uncreated Infinite Beauty renders the beholder forever happy."—"Uriel."

"URIEL" IN VERSE.

The verses were written at various times as the muse prompted to fill up gaps of time; at least, they may serve the reader for the same purpose. Loss of time means loss of many opportunities of doing good. Every little thing, prompted by a good motive, will count well for eternity. Occasions for great deeds and great acts of virtue are rare, for small ones, of daily, even hourly, occurrence. Therefore:

Let's use the time whilst time we have,
In this the wise their wisdom show,
For many ills the best of salve;
How brief our time we never know.

If "Uriel's" effusions are only mediocre, this will not prevent their doing good to anyone who holds as true what ~~is expressed~~ he expresses in the following lines:

It's wise to use the good we find,
Though ordinary in its kind.
The common food, they say, serves best,
The rich should rarely one request.

"Uriel" is no poet, but confesses to an occasional almost irrepressible desire of writing in metre and rhyme. Ah! all respect for the poet; his soul is akin to Angels, it soars aloft, higher than the sky-lark. The poet's high aim is to sing, to sing of the Beautiful, the True and the Good. Any subject beneath these is beneath the genius of the poet, degrades him and his noble art.

"You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you."—Joubert. "Sad is his lot, who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet."—Lamartine. "Poetry is the brother of sorrow as well

as the sister of joy and piety; every man that suffers and weeps is a poet; every tear is a verse, and every heart a poem." —Andre.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.

1

I am thy Lord, I am thy God;
Thy only Lord, thy only God.

2

The name of God take not in vain;
Nor curse, nor swear, nor speak profane.

3

Remember thou the Sabbath day,
To sanctify, to rest and pray.

4

To father, mother, honor give;
Thou blest shalt be and longer live.

5

Thy fellowman thou shalt not kill;
Nor do him harm, nor wish him ill.

6

Adultery do not commit;
For Heav'n the pure alone are fit.

7

Thou shalt not steal, nor wrong they neighbor;
Nor keep the wages due his labor.

8

Against thy neighbor thou beware,
To slander, lie, false witness bear.

9

Thy neighbor's wife thou covet not,
For evil thoughts the conscience blot.

10

Thy neighbor's goods thou covet not,
His farm or money, house or lot.

IN FULLER FORM.

1

In truth, my Lord, my God Thou art;
My mind give worship, love my heart;
My will obed'ence render Thee;
One God Thou art, in Persons three.

2

Those have, who cursing, swearing dare,
A flow of wickedness somewhere;
Pour out the acid, fill no more;
Quit making heart and conscience sore.

3

Two Sabbaths we must honor well:
Th' eternal one before creation,
The other after the creation;
Both in our memory must dwell.

4

In love, respect, who parents hold,
And them with willing heart obey,
Have God-sent blessings manifold,
And parents thus do best repay.

5

Each kind likes kind, but unkind man
Will rashly kill his fellowman,
Or harm or wound him when he can;
Nay, oft cut short his own life's span.

6

Are reason, conscience given us
To sully both with shameful sin?
The fate of the voluptuous
Is dire indeed—has ever been.

7

He to the meanest of the mean
Belongs, who does his neighbor wrong;
By cheating, stealing, does he ween
He can escape God's justice long?

8

Respect our neighbor's rights we must,
And never tarnish his good name
By word or deed, that is unjust;
How base, how wicked to defame!

9

No spot upon the whitest fleece,
No speck of dirt or filthy grease,
Is e'er so ugly to our sight
As taint of sin in God's pure light.

10

For what ~~my~~ *thy* neighbor owns, enjoys,
Why pale with envy towards him?
Unruly greed annoys, destroys
Contentment—why such senseless whim?

PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

1

The Church commands—we must obey—
Hear Mass on Sunday, Holiday.

2

On them from servile work abstain;
Unlawful work can bring no gain.

3

Keep fast in Lent, on certain days;
On Friday keep from meat always.

4

Least once a year Confession make;
In Eastertime Communion take.

5

Support our pastors, this we must,
For God and Church say, it is just.

6

To marry out of Church, 'tis sin,
And worse with infidel or kin.

ADDITIONAL.

Societies, that secret are,
The Church forbids—keep from them far.

"URIEL'S" COUNSELS.

My reader, dear,
Will you not hear
The counsels he would give?
Remember well
What he will tell
That wisely you may live.

Love God, not sin,
Your heart within;
Your neighbor treat with kindness;
Your fault when shown
Do frankly own
And give not way to blindness.

A ready word,
That you afford,
May suit your station well—
An even mien
All calls between
Your virtue's strength will tell.

Oh give no ear,
When'er you hear
A word of praise not due;
For those who flatter
But seek to scatter
To winds your merits true.

A grateful heart
To you impart
The benefits received;
Ingratitude
The blackest brood
Of hell is e'er believed.

Oh do not speak
Of strong or weak
In virtue, aught unkind;
You'll never rue,
If this you'll do,
And peace with all you'll find.

Do not believe
A moment brief,
That aught this world can show,
Can fill your heart,
And leave no smart;
This bliss must God bestow.

All God commands,
All Church demands,
In one word hear it all:
'Tis LOVE—which love
Is from above,
It saves from basest thrall.

The good, the wise,
This world despise;
And this of proofs the best,
That not below,
In empty show,
Can ever we find rest.

Oh. no, above,
On wings of love,
Let soar your heart on high;
Your rest, your joy,
Without alloy,
Is far beyond the sky.

O God of love,
Who thron'st above,
Oh send Thy love to me!
The golden cord
Of love, O Lord,
Bind fast my soul to Thee!

TABERNACLE KEY.

There is a key, though small it be,
Most precious duly rated;
It ought to be, ought ever be,
Of truest gold, though we behold
It seldom more than plated.

This precious key in Church we see,
Its purpose designated,
Not for the bank or miser's tank
That rolls of gold and treasures hold
For wealthy ones elated.

THE EYE.

A word that is easy and short,
Spells backward and forward the same;
The word and three letters import
The greatest of mysteries' name;
Expresses all warm from the heart
What loving or fearing impart.
To mirror the soul is its aim,
To beauty lays principal claim;
Yet dangerous objects to see,
It's danger for you and for me.

A PICTURE BY KARL MULLER REPRESENTING THE WOMAN THAT WAS SHOWN TO SATAN MENTIONED IN THE APOCALYPSE.

Above my desk I see a picture fair;
I look upon it oft with rapture rare;
And what does it present to eye and mind?
The vision of the **Woman**, holy, kind;
A brilliant crown of stars upon her head;
Her foot does on the serpent firmly tread;
Beneath her is creation's chaos bleak.
To eye and mind what does this picture speak?
It tells of **Mary** as the Woman shown
To Satan after he from Heav'n was thrown,
That he might know who once would crush his head.
'Tis done! Her Son divine to vict'ry led.

MOTTO ON THE AMERICAN COIN.

"In God we trust,"
In God we must;
If God shall be
Not for us, we
Shall drift, decay,
And fall away
From standard worth
On all the earth.

TO DEAR FATHER DE FRAINE.

Note.—The following was written after sending him the verses on the Commandments of God and Precepts of the Church, January, 1880. Father De Fraine died April 14, 1902. R. I. P.

Dear Father De Fraine,
I cannot refrain
From making some verses;
As children's to play,
My mind turns that way,
And hence come the verses.

I can not tell why
My hand I should try
To roll out some verses.
Poor verses indeed!
Who cares them to read?
Still I must make verses.

You scarce could find one
More liking the fun
Of rolling out verses
Than does Engelbert;
All evil avert
O Lord, from such verses!

For some time the muse was silent; good Father De Fraine queried the reason why.

THE ANSWER.

My muse has laid the lyre by;
She will not sing; she will not sigh;
She will not laugh; she will not cry;
She will not live; she will not die.
Not want of theme inspiring,
Or of events transpiring
Has hushed the lyre's lyring.
What else then can the matter be?
The muse has gone to sleep, you see.

Answer to Rev. Peter J. Haesley's letter in rhymes sent me April 1, 1887. Died as Chaplain of St. Joseph's Orphan's Home, November, 1895. R. I. P,:

Your welcome chiming rhymes
Have come just now betimes
To put me into mood
To give my pen some food,
Some food of words I mean,
And not the ink between
Its teeth, its golden teeth;
This were my mind beneath,
Though fool's day it may be;
I fool not, you may see.
So not to loose the time
I answer you in rhyme;
In pray'r I answer you
In words though very few:
To be not nugatory,
They count for Purgatory.

"Lord, grant to all Thy suffering souls
All that Thy Heaven for them ~~does~~ holds:
Thy light, Thy sight, Thy peace, Thy rest,
And company with all Thy blest."

"Lord, grant to Thy souls,
Thy suffering souls,
The sight of Thy light,
The light of Thy sight,
The peace of Thy rest,
The joy of Thy blest."

FOUR BUDS ON ONE STEM.

Perhaps you rate it folly great
For such a one as I—
So stiff, so cold, and so sedate—
In verse his hand to try.

My friend so dear, please have no fear
That I my neck may break,
If in the poet's buskin here
I wish some steps to take.

The reason why I wish to try
My hand in verse just now,
Is not to boast, in buskins high,
That I can make a bow.

You well may deem that if this theme
I treat with tuneful lyre,
A nobler motive—it would seem—
Such labor should inspire.

How otherwise, could I devise
Fit garb to clothe my thought
As I here hold before my eyes
What friend to friend has brought?

See yonder there the picture fair,
Which, as it seems but meet,
That I, when I have time to spare,
With looks should often greet.

Just look aright—you know it quite
As well as I myself;
Its frame is gilt, its ground is white;
It hangs just o'er my shelf.

Oh what did win the gift within
Which friend to friend once gave,
And I did put on paper thin
And in a frame—to save?

Though dear to me it then might be,
  Now dearer 'tis—far more—
Because there came a thought to me
  That never came before.

The thought is new, and it is true,
  And limpid as the sky above;
Without this thought your gift I knew—
  But not with friendship's love.

Though sweet indeed to all who heed
  Must seem the budding rose;
The one who can its message read
  Alone its sweetness knows.

The little thing! How can it bring
  The thought of feeling true?
One stem, four buds and thorns to sting—
  Such is the gift from you.

The thorn that rends, the stem that bends,
  The buds that closely cling—
For these my muse its toil expends—
  For these my verses sing.

Nor may you say that in some way
An accident has led
My mind these words in rhyme to lay—
As you have often said.

O no! The thought that came unsought—
That thought has stirred my soul
And deftly waked the muse that wrought
These verses on this scroll.

How well, how well, does one stem tell
The oneness of the strain;
Which friendship's music doth compel
In beautiful refrain.

Oh, be it far from you to mar
The beauty of the thought:
Two minds. two hearts united are—
Four buds this lesson taught.

Sad truth is this—it ne'er doth miss—
"No rose without the thorn;"
Thus, earthly joy and earthly bliss
Know night—and know the morn.

So now you hear what saith the dear—
The fourfold budding rose;
And hence, with your permission, here
My poem I will close.

L'ENVOI.

And now, one thing I wish to tell,
My true and faithful friend,
If you this poem value well,
My work has found its end.

For thee—and such as thou—alone,
These lines have been designed:
Who'll treasure them as if their own?
Why who, but thou, so kind?

Just try your hand, you surely can
These halting lines excel;
Your wit, your heart, your mind will plan
And execute full well.

P. S.

Ah! Friendship, how hollow!
No answer did follow.

WORRY.

Why this worrying,
Why this hurrying
To the grave?
Ill is worrying,
Good is studying
Life to save.

Mental suffering
Causes nurturing
Phantoms dark.
These will quickly follow
If you, on the pillow,
To them hark.

What's the remedy?
Rise, rise instantly,
No delay.
Phantoms are receding,
Take to some good reading,
Helps alway.

This experiment
You repeat; consent
Do not give.
Without worrying,
Without hurrying,
Try to live.

Next attend to nerves,
As the case deserves.
Nerves unstrung?
Then it is no wonder,
You on troubles ponder,
And feel stung.

Rest the body, mind;
Calm in this you'll find—
Trust in God.
Man, you know, supposes,
God, you know, disposes,
Trust in God.

Real worrying
Is not profiting,
All profess;
But an anxious caring
And life's burden sharing
Divers ways;
This deserves no blame,
This deserves no shame,
Rather praise.

URIEL'S YEAR OF JUBILEE.

1887.

This year of Jubilee is gone;
The sun has often brightly shone;
The dismal clouds did often flit,
The sky athwart to aptly fit
The various phases of this life,
Filled up with days of peace and strife.
The days of peace were few indeed,
For more of strife he had to lead.
All now are gone, the good, the bad,
All joyous days and all the sad.
To God be thanks, to God be praise,
For all His grace, for all His ways!

URIEL'S TRANSLATION OF THE GERMAN'S POPULAR FUNERAL SONG. WITH SAME METRE AND MELODY.

No mortal escapes the grim spectre,
Death spares neither crown nor the sceptre;
Vain, ah vain is prosperity's boast,
All, ah all must return unto dust—
return unto dust.

The body from earth has been taken,
In earth it will sleep to awaken
When the Angel his trumpet shall sound;
Oh how death levels all with the ground!
levels all with the ground.

The rose, as the cedar tree tallest,
Decays, as the shrub and herb smallest·
All things under the sun pass away,
Virtue only claims permanent stay.
claims permanent stay.

You, too, perhaps death soon may summon,
Our bones then will moulder in common;
Mine the turn is this day, speaks the dead,
Yours tomorrow may come in my stead—
may come in my stead.

The grave is now over me closing,
Lord, grant me a peaceful reposing!
I await the last judgment of God,
Then my body will rise from the sod;
will rise from the sod.

The tomb will not hold me forever,
It's but for a while death can sever
Soul from body. How happy am I
In this faith to have lived and to die!
have lived and to die.

Why weep you, my sisters and brothers,
We'll meet again fathers and mothers,
In the valley where all must appear;
God alone dread and no one else fear—
and no one else fear.

The tears are a sign of affection,
But give me a better refection—
Grant me, grant me my wish and last call;
Pray, pray daily, oh pray for me all—
oh, pray for me all.

N. B.—For the Loretto Sisters, who wished to use this dirge, "Uriel" changed No. 7 into the following:

Why, weep you, my Sisters, why sorrow?
We're here but a day and to-morrow,
We depart from our trials to rest,
God alone fear, and you will be blest,
and you will be blest.

Written for Dr. Wm. B. Doherty, M D., for his Address and Valedictory before forty graduating medical students, Louisville, Ky., 1907. With his permission reproduced.

In life how many goals there be,
You well, dear graduates, can see;
But turn your minds and turn your eyes
To one that now before you lies.
To heal the body, cheer the heart
Can you well ask a nobler part?
Go forth and take this noble stand,
Which your profession must demand!
Your ear will hear the doleful cry
Of those who suffer, those who die;
Be mediators, quick and true,
'Twixt life and death, who call on you.
To your profession honor give;
'Twill honor you whilst you shall live.
Yea, longer shall your fame remain,
If your profession shows no stain.

The following pieces, composed by "Uriel," were published in Dr. Wm. B. Doherty's book, "You and Your Doctor," copyrighted 1911 by Wm. H. Lee, and now reprinted with the Doctor's permission and with the permission of Laird & Lee. Page 205:

HE HAS THE BLUES.

My friend, what can the matter be?
You're sad to-day I plainly see;
Has anyone ill-treated you,
Or made you things unpleasant do?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
No word, no deed of anyone,
Has made we sad, nor what I've done.

Perhaps it's pain that makes you sad,
A headache, toothache? Oh that's bad!
It's hard indeed to suffer pain,
But what by sadness do you gain?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else I know;
To suffer is the lot of all,
So this the cause I cannot call.

Then sadness fell on you because
You looked for some well earned applause,
Which people would not give; or came
Depression from the sting of blame?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
Not praise nor blame the source can be
Of all the grief that crushes me.

Are you not sad on this account
That you your name cannot recount
Amongst the wealthy or the great;
Why grudge about a lowly state?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know
From pride of riches or of fame
I have preserved my humble name.

Forsooth, you think you've grown so high,
Your head has reached the stormy sky;
And ev'ry heavy dismal cloud,
Your shoulders carry—oh, how proud!

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
Though in my heart it seems so dark,
My trouble thus you do not mark.

If nothing great did you befall,
Well then, it must be something small;
Be frank and say, is this not true,
Perhaps some idiot laughed at you?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
I could not call it great or small
That made me into sadness fall.

And can't I now your trouble guess,
If you will only it confess;
You think all things are gone ajar
Because the cooks forgetful are.

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
Not cook, not pepper, nor the salt,
Explain my grief, nor are at fault.

What surely then your grief has brought
Must be the melancholy thought:
Deserted, friendless, you suppose
Yourself, and things like that, who knows?

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
I'm not alone I plainly see,
Nor have my friends deserted me.

I will not stop until I find
The source of your chagrin unkind;
You built some castles in the air,
Which crumbled, and have brought despair.

Oh no, I say, oh no,
It's something else, I know;
Despair, nor castles in the air
Of sadness brought this heavy share.

The last resort, I do believe,
To find the cause of your strange grief
Is this: The blues, the blues, the blues!
Why! laugh and them you'll quickly lose.

Oh yes, I must confess,
How ~~Flew~~ foolish my distress,
Imagination—devil's ruse—
Such cause for grief I'll e'er refuse.

RULES OF HEALTH.

Reprinted from pages 92, 93 and 255:

The head keep cool; the feet keep warm,
By eating, drinking, do no harm.
Excess, not work, avoid with care,
Seek often sunshine and fresh air.
Be not afraid of bracing cold,
In temp'rature the medium hold.

This benefit by dress achieve;
By dress the heat and cold relieve.
Have care the bowels open keep,
Take time to rest, take time to sleep.
Your mind have peace; your heart have joy;
Let nothing ever these destroy.
Keep clean the body, clear the mind;
For precious health are both designed.
Remember well that cleanliness
Is held akin to godliness.
Contract no habits, low and mean,
Which are, alas! too often seen.
Indulgence short, long aches can bring;
Excessive pleasures have their sting.
Good morals, sure, conducive are
To normal health, which vices mar.
When sickness comes, do not despise
The doctor's help, if you are wise.
Live useful, cheerful, kind to all;
Then may our grave claim Honor's pall.

Reprinted from page 247:

Be active, prudent, unrepining;
In mode of life these three combining,
The humblest thus may win a shining.
Act well thy part, without regard
To lot, position—sure reward.

GUESS QUESTIONS.

Original.

Whether boy or girl or man,
Guess these questions if you can;
Whether this you'll do or not,
Here of questions find a lot.

1. There is a pump, it has no handle;
Pumps in the dark, it needs no candle;
No force is used to make it pump;
It is not made from log or stump;
It pumps by day, it pumps by night,
Was never seen to pump by light;
What stranger is—and who can tell?
It never pumps from any well;
What it pumps in, that it pumps out,
Which does not flow from any spout;
And when it stops, its work is done,
And then a human life is gone.

2. My weight is light, my size is small,
Yet things of weight and very tall
I move with ease; and you can see
A way is always left for me
Through ev'ry door of rich and poor;
The homes of all I make secure
Against the burglar and the thief;
Of power's emblems I am chief.

3. Tell what has hands and feet and head,
Is often clad in white and red;
Yet birth or life it never had,
Is never joyful, never sad;
Much liked by girls, by boys despised
No matter ill or well devised.

4. Five brothers we are,
Unequal in length,
Unequal in strength,
In age equal are;
The middle is longest,
The shortest is strongest;
All dear to you are.

5. In the morning no miss is more courted than I,
In the ev'ning I'm thrown often carelessly by;
I must fill the wastebasket or burn in the fire,
Or perhaps I am used for a wrapper's desire.

6. In number five are,
You need not look far;
All beared are two,
No beard two show you;
Some beard has the one,
But face they have none.

7. A cruel thing I am,
To hurt man uses me
When angry and when calm,
As often you can see;
The rider, wishing speed,
With me will prick his steed.

8. I'm a house not built by man;
Such my size and shape, I can
Hold but one inhabitant.
What is stranger still, I can't
Help myself, I'm packed about,
Who is in does not go out.

9. What holds you and what holds me
Which we both can never see?
What speaks without a tongue?
What has teeth but no mouth?
What has a mouth but no teeth?
What can run, but cannot walk,
Has a tongue but cannot talk?
If precious health you wish to find;
Keep clean the body, clear the mind.
I've arms, I've legs and have a back,
But head and feet I always lack.
What does a checkline seem to me?
It seems a thing of cruelty.

How can you make "money" out of "one"?

How can you turn a spool into a pond?

Im three and I'm one,

But God I am none.

Which is the most general and at the same time the most particular requisite for securing good health?

What is the most general and at the same time the most particular ruin of good health?

What Saint went to Heaven and left it again?

What is at the end of what has no end?

What covers a multitude of sins?

What work is always entitled to the capital prize?

What has fingers but no nails on them?

What wears shoes, but has no toes?

Why is a newcomer to this country like grass?

Why is the letter "e" like death?

What blows without breath?

What is the number of which if you take away one letter makes it more?

GUESS-QUESTIONS. NOT ORIGINAL.

What is in Heaven made by the hands of men?

What is the difference between a good governess and a bad one?

Why is a mirror unlike a giddy girl?

What is majesty when divested of its externals?

Why is an angry boy like a clock 59 minutes past twelve?

Where did the cock crow, when everybody in the world heard him?

What is that which is yours indivdually, yet everybody uses it whenever they please?

When is a man over head and ears in debt?

What is made shorter by being made longer?

Why are clergymen like cobblers?

What word contains all the 26 letters combined?

Why is a balloon or aeroplane like a policeman?

What kind of snuff is it, that the more you take of it, the fuller the box will get?

Why did the Israelites in the desert make a golden calf?

How can I bring you down without moving or touching you, no matter how high you go?

Why is Ireland likely to grow rich?

Why is one that teaches, but does not practice, like a sign by the roadside?

My first is irrational, my second is rational, my third is mechanical, my whole is scientifical.

My whole can set a woods on fire; take off one letter and it can hold a herd of deer; take off another letter, and it once held all mankind.

Once I saw a lady in the land
Who had twenty nails grown on each hand
Five and twenty on both hands and feet?
This is true without deceit.
Pray, ladies, tell us if you can,
Who is the highly favored man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life.
I have but one eye,
That eye without sight,
Yet it helps me whatever I do;
The fortune of some,
Of some the delight,
And I've no doubt I'm useful to you—

There's something seen that nothing is,
And yet it has a name;
It's sometimes long and sometimes short,
And plays at every game—
I tremble with each breath of air,
Yet heaviest burdens I can bear;
It's known I once destroyed the world,
And all things in confusion hurled.

Why is a proud woman like a music book?
Why is a tree in summer like a book?
Why is a snowstorm like a child with a bad cold?
I'm taken from a mine, shut up in a wooden case, from which I'm not released, although used by nearly everybody?
What word of five letters is there, that if you take away two, one is left?
What occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute and not once in a thousand years?
My first marks time, my second spends it—
I'm iron, I'm feather, I'm wood and I'm glue,
And oft in the battle the foe I pursue;
I often fly high up, but when I come down,
Invariably bury my head in the ground.

And strange I'm pointed and very acute,
I'm blind and I'm deaf, unfeeling and mute;
But although I am so, it may truly be said,
Whenever I conquer, I win with my head.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backward and forward the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

Why is a man that has nothing to boast of but his ancestors like a potato?
What is higher and handsomer when the head is off?
Why is love like the moon?
Why is life the greatest conundrum?

ANSWERS TO GUESS-QUESTIONS.

1. The human heart.
2. The key.
3. The doll.
4. One's five fingers.
5. The morning newspaper.
6. The five leaves covering the rosebud.
7. The spur.
8. The snail's house.
9. The spine.

A good act speaks well for the doer.

The saw has teeth but no mouth.

The fish generally.

The wheel and tongue of a wagon.

Precious health depends greatly upon cleanliness and industry.

The arm chair has legs and a back, but no head nor feet.

Few horses need it, style only dictates the cruelty.

By putting the letter "m" before the "o," and the letter "y" after "e."

By dropping the letter "s."

The letter "m" is formed of three strokes, yet is one letter.

Moderation in all things is requisite for good health;

Excess in anything is ruinous to good health.

St. Paul was wrapped to the third heaven.

The letter "y" is at the end of the word "eternity."

Active, not sentimental, charity covers a multitude of sins.

The best work of the best workman.

The glove has fingers so called, but has no nails on them.

The hoof animal has no toes.

The new-comer to this country is often called "green."

The letter "e" is like death because it stands at the end of life.

A rose is said to blow when first opening.

One is more than none.

NOT ORIGINAL GUESS-QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Our Savior's Five Wounds were made by the hands of men.

A good governess guides miss, a bad one misguides.

A mirror reflects without speaking, a giddy girl speaks without reflecting.

The angry boy, like the clock, is ready to strike "one."

Everbody in the world heard the cock crow in Noah's ark.

My name can be used whenever anyone pleases.

He who has not paid for his hat is overhead and ears in debt.

The word "short"—"shorter" is longer in syllables.

Clergymen seek the good of human souls, cobblers of leather soles.

The word "Alphabet" combines all the 26 letters.

Like the policeman, it takes people up.

Formerly candle-snuffers were used, the oftener used, the fuller the snuffer-box became.

A boy answered, they made a calf because they had not enough of gold to make a cow.

I may bring you "down" that is on a feather.

Ireland is likely to grow rich because its capital is always doubling (Dublin).

A sign by the roadside shows the way, but does not go itself.

Horse-man-ship answers the question.

The word "spark" suits the description

Put a comma after the word "grown" and after the word "five" and it will read right.

A clergyman is or may be a bachelor all his life.

The eye of a needle serves the various purposes.

The shadow is the thing that nothing is.

The water in small and large quantities; reference to the deluge.

The music book is full of airs, so is a proud woman.

The tree is full of leaves, so is a book.

In a snow storm, it blows, it snows, a child with a bad cold blows its nose.

The led-pencil is used by nearly everybody.

The word "honey," take away "h" and "y," one is left.

The letter "m" occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in thousand years.

The watchman.

The arrow fills the description.

The word "eye" answers the four lines.

The best of the potato plant is under ground, so it is with him whose best boast are his ancestors.

The pollow is higher and handsomer when the head is off.

Like the moon, love goes through many phases.

Life is the greatest conundrum because everybody has to give it up.

APPENDIX.

Extract from the paper read by "Uriel", before the Eucharistic Congress held at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15, 1907.

Eucharistic days have dawned upon us. The laity now join the priest and the religious in frequent and daily Communion. Decrees have come forth from our Holy Father, strong and clear. (December 20, 1905, and subsequently others.) Adorers now receive Him whom they adored at the foot of the altar. Already thousands enjoy the privilege of frequent and daily communion. Already the Sovereign Pontiff has expressed his gratification at the results of his Decrees.

The cry of ancient days: "Christiani ad leones" and "ecrasez l'infame" has found an echo in our own days. In our own country the cry is heard: "Away with God! the world and science suffice

us!" Christ's answer, even more pathetic than before, is: "Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." ((Matt. xi. v. 28.) As martyrdom conquered of old, and as the Church survived all assaults, so today the Supreme Pontiff summons souls to frequent and daily communion, as if to defend the faithful and reclaim a world, fast abandoning and rejecting Christ.

Thank God, we have lived to see the Pope of Daily Holy Communion—the dawn of blessed Eucharistic days—days heralded by saints and ascetics,—days the saintly Eymard hoped to see, now shaped and directed by his sons of the Society of the Most Blessed Sacrament and by means of the Eucharistic Leagues,—days that unite the USE of Apostolis times with the grand DEVOTION of the Ages of Faith! Hail the dawn of the Age of Love for the Holy Eucharist!

Our Holy Father, "the Restorer," reminds us of the necessity and of the effects of Holy Communion. One is expressed in the "Give us this day our daily bread," and the other in the well known antiphon: "O sacrum convivium." Even the elements selected by our Blessed Lord suggest daily Communion. On the watch-tower for the salvation of souls, the Chief Shepherd discerns present needs and future troubles. As Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes prepared unhappy France for her present sore trials, may it not be, that, to-day, the Pope designates this Sovereign Remedy to satisfy our present need and to fortify us for coming conflict? Emanations from the Holy See for the Universal Church always have deep significance.

The new Decrees open to us the Fount of the martyrs' strength; Jansenism is silenced; rigorism is rebuked; theology rests forever about the requirements for

Holy Communion; and fervent souls are content. The state of grace, pure motive, resolve to avoid deliberate grievous sin, and lo! the way to frequent and daily Communion is open.

What all the Popes favored, and what the Great Leo XIII. approved, Pius X. has realized to the world. Partly dogmatical and partly exhortative, his Decrees are little short of precept. Those in care of souls should use the surest and best means for salvation, and those in via will find frequent and especially daily Communion the most fruitful source of grace. Hence, the opportunity offering, both should feel urged almost to obligation.

The needy should receive the needed gift when proffered. The remedy for our soul's need is proffered daily and can be daily received .. But no matter how convenient the Church or Mass, unless the will and desire be fired, little headway will be achieved. Vain objections,

lack of time or of proper disposition, may deter some from approaching the Holy Table; but surely, the example of the Religious and of many devout souls will tend to increase the number of communicants; and this increase of good and holy souls will rejoice the heart of the pastor in life, in death, and forever.

The custom of only one Communion after each confession is now done away with by the knowledge that many Communions may be allowed on the same confession.

Our Blessed Lord is not content with adoration and oblation: "Take ye and eat," means reception. He foresaw all the lukewarm and unworthy Communicants. Yet "His delight is to be with the children of men" is so intense that the Incarnation and Calvary perpetuated are not enough for His love of us. He will have insession of our body and soul, thereby imaging the Divine Circum-incession and producing a far more perfect

image of the Most Blessed Trinity. Our Lord's love and condescension have given us Holy Communion—our greatest treasure and highest honor, as it is an indwelling for a time of a Divine Person, Jesus Christ, in us.

The Church has never limited the frequency of Holy Communion. Strongly the words urge us: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you." (St. John vi. 54.) Rightly the Church penalizes in life and in death him who refuses annual Communion. Her yearning and express desire are far different. She constantly preaches the need of Holy Communion for all, according to opportunity. She teaches that the practice of virtue, the life and progress in things spiritual, the soul's salvation, are impeded and dwarfed without Its frequent reception; that the weak need It to become strong and the strong to abide so; and that as a pledge of per-

severance and salvation and of the increase of the spiritual life of grace, It gives graces in extent and wealth known only to God and the soul. A wise legislator or a loving mother could do no more than such tender pleading for frequent or daily Communion contained in the Lord's invitation: "Come to me all ye that are burdened and I will refresh you," that is, come frequently, come daily. (Matt. XI. 28.)

Not many months ago, the present French government, furiously bent on the expulsion of the Religious, sent a committee to investigate a Hospital for Incurables under charge of Sisters, intending to replace them with lay nurses. In the first ward, the awful ravages of ulcers and cancers, with their loathsome odors, caused the inspectors to hurry. The second ward was worse. They decided on omitting the third and worst, but the Superioress, who accompanied them, insisted that it be done, as it was

for the Government. In this third ward were seen bodies living and all but dead, beyond dressing, features unrecognizable, the most hideous forms of disease, and everywhere penetrated the repulsive odor of living decomposition. Quickly the inspectors escaped to the sunshine and fresh air. They then learned that the Sisters had been in charge for forty years, and on inquiring how they could endure such awful conditions, the inspectors were told that it was due to daily Holy Communion. Indeed, the Blessed Sacrament is truly the mainstay of every religious in or out of Hospitals. Take away the Blessed Sacrament from the cloister and it would become little more than a prison. Through the Blessed Sacrament we have the virgins, the saints and the martyrs, both of charity and of blood.

Many souls are deterred from frequent and daily Communion by a consciousness of daily faults or of some

grievous sin in the past. Such souls need reassurance. Let them be truly reverent, keep from mortal guilt; let their motives be pure; then the fruits of Holy Communion and the confessor's patient zeal will subserve the Divine Attraction and fear will be assuaged. The edifying example of devout souls and their frequency in approaching the Holy Table will help the priest much in stimulating the cold, the lukewarm and the indifferent.

Many will consider as an excuse the want of time for preparation and thanksgiving. Especially will this occur among the working people. Their scant opportunities preclude any formal method. Well, the Angel's Choir on the first Christmas required only good will in men. The toiler, or the sick, who sends out some simple ejaculations from his very heart, does he not bring to the Emmanuel in Communion the very acceptable dispositions of humility, of

faith and desire? Will our Lord require more to dower such with His precious graces and blessings? Approach even in the work-a-day raiment should not debar the toiler on his way to his work from Holy Communion. The sight of such would soon lose its novelty. The workers may take example from those who make the Nine First Fridays. Reverence for the Blessed Sacrament always demands some preparation and some thanksgiving, though at times these may be very brief. It may suffice for many to make their preparation on their way to church and their thanksgiving on their way to work during the week days. Better a short preparation and a short thanksgiving than no Holy Communion. On this point let the confessor be consulted.

Thus to the simple soul, to the toiler, opens the Remedy for the sin of our age —infidelity and with its cohort of attendant vices. The world's schools, sci-

ences and general way of living carry the stamp of godlessness. "Will the Son of Man, when He cometh, find faith upon earth?" In our days there is surely no surplus of faith. Non-Catholic churches are disintegrating, religion languishes woefully outside; there is heavy leakage within the fold. HERE IS THE REMEDY. In the Eucharistic movement we have Faith, Hope and Contrition,—all the elements suited to bring back to Christ a world that is fast drifting away from Him. Ours is the blessed privilege to be in the van; to transmit to posterity this movement, not to rest content with adoration and visits to the BlessedSacrament, but to increase and multiply the number of communicants. Ours must be the endeavor, as faith fails without, to make it abound the more in the Church's fold; as people drift away from Christ, to bring the faithful closer; to lead the little ones; to bring Christ nearer to all; to lift high the watch-word:

"Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Heading the procession of this Eucharistic movement are the frequent and daily communicants; following these are the weekly, the fortnightly and monthly communicants, and lagging comes the annual receiver. Many of these may be spurred on to enter the ranks of the more devout, and all to become earnest receivers, either more frequently or daily.

How much we can do for our Eucharistic Lord! What though the work be tedious and the ranks move slowly on! Souls that once simply adored, will now receive their Lord. Eucharistic sermons and literature will abound. Silently but steadily God's glory increases and His love spreads. What though the harvest be hidden from our gaze, happy and blessed are we who go unfaltering on: TO THE GREATER GLORY OF JESUS CHRIST, OUR EMMANUEL.

MORTAL SIN.

Let all understand well that the conscious guilt of mortal sin alone repels from the Holy Table. This requires a knowledge of what constitutes a mortal sin, which knowledge can be gained from catechism, books of instruction, and, to a great extent, from the warnings of one's own conscience. A false conscience often sees grievous sin where such does not exist in itself, or may fail to perceive it where it does exist. Such conscience must be set right, or else one may abstain from Holy Communion without sufficient reason, or may approach without due worthiness.

This can be safely said, that ordinary good Christians cannot commit a mortal sin without knowing it; and that, where there is a doubt, the doubt may be interpreted in their favor, that is, that mortal sin was not committed, and therefore, they are not debarred from Holy Com-

munion. This holds especially good in case of conscientious Christians, devout persons and the religious.

The general direction is that a person, if a doubt arises, is not guilty of fully conscious and deliberate mortal sin, in case such a person is not generally inclined to the commission of mortal sin. However, in the case of those who have what may be called a lax or easy-going conscience, and not seldom lapse into mortal sin, when a doubt arises whether a mortal sin was committed by any thought, word or deed, the presumption holds rather against them, namely, that mortal sin was committed, and therefore no Holy Communion before sacramental confession.

It is never right to go to Holy Communion with a doubtful conscience. Either settle the doubt in your favor, and go; or, if unable to do so, abstain if at all possible. In any case, a good act of contrition should be made before re-

ceiving, and the doubt be mentioned in the next confession.

The really scrupulous form an exception; otherwise they might never know when fit to receive. These have an anxiety of their own. They exaggerate slight faults or imperfections into positive sins, and venial transgressions into downright mortal sins—at least they are tempted to do so. They worry themselves and they worry their Father confessor with their continual and generally unnecessary scruples. Such have been called the bores of the confessional. All such must seek proper understanding of what constitutes mortal sin, and must humbly submit to the guidance of their Father confessor.

Mortal sin requires gravity of matter, sufficient knowledge of its malice, and the yielding of full consent. If even one of these conditions be wanting, no formal mortal sin is committed, nor its guilt incurred.

Our safety and fitness in regard to Holy Communion consist in avoiding all deliberate sins in general and all mortal sins in particular.

One who is free from mortal sin and the required fast observed, cannot make a sacrilegious Communion. Every Holy Communion, received free from mortal sin, has its fruit. But greater fruit comes to the soul that is free from all deliberate sin. This fruit receives a still greater increase on account of fervent acts of faith, hope, charity, contrition and desire. Each Holy Communion worthily received, will add to our glory in Heaven.

When Solomon's temple was dedicated, the luminous cloud of God's glory filled it with dazzling splendor; much more will Christ glorify, both here and hereafter, the soul in which He has dwelt in frequent Holy Communion.

"How beautiful will that soul be in eternity who shall have received frequently and worthily the good God!"

Blessed Cure of Ars.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Sacramental Communion once a day, Spiritual Communion many times a day —best rule for devout Christians. Spiritual writers commend the practice of Spiritual Communion, extol its benefits, and pronounce it one of the very best preparations for actual Holy Communion.

An earnest, well-meant invitation is welcome to everyone. Surely the same holds good with regard to the Divine Lover of our souls. Spiritual Communion is simply a devout desire expressed to our Lord to come into our souls in a spiritual manner, in whatever way this may take place. Does He not, as the Spouse in the Canticle of Canticles,

stand as it were constantly at the door of our heart and knock for admittance? Shall we not open to Him often and humbly and lovingly?

It is well, but not necessary, that we direct our devout desire to some tabernacle wherein our Emmanuel abides in the consecrated Hosts. Any place that is suitable for prayer, is suitable for making a Spiritual Communion. Are there any Christians who never make a Spiritual Communion? They miss many graces and blessings. We are always fit to make a Spiritual Communion when we are in a state of grace, that is, free from mortal sin. When we cannot communicate sacramentally, we should not neglect to do so spiritually, especially when assisting at Holy Mass or visiting the Church. Those who have often invited our Lord into the mansion of their soul, may confidently expect that He will hereafter invite them to His mansions of bliss.

A tender devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary is one of the choicest graces of both actual and spiritual Communion. Through her we have Jesus and the Eucharist. Whoever loves Mary truly, will love her Divine Son, Jesus. With the love of Jesus and Mary will naturally come into the heart the love of holy persons, of holy things. The love of Jesus and Mary is the best guarantee for our eternal salvation. "Every devout man may every day and every hour come to receive Christ spiritually without any prohibition and with great profit to his soul."—Thomas A. Kempis, Book 4, Chapter 10.

A PROSE FORM FOR SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

My Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, my Savior Jesus, I cannot now receive Thee in Holy Communion. Believing

firmly in Thy real presence, I desire to receive Thee spiritually. Come, I humbly pray, into my poor soul, and grant it an increase of faith, hope and charity, and all the graces I stand in need of for my soul's salvation. Above all, grant me a happy death. Amen.

SOME FORMS IN VERSE.

1.

My Saviour Jesus, come to me,
For now I do desire Thee;
I always do believe in Thee;
I always do have hope in Thee;
I always do have love for Thee.

2.

My Jesus, Jesus, come to me,
Though all unworthy I'm of Thee;
Thy grace my soul may ever lead,
For this Thy will, and this my need;
Then bless me, help me, save me, too,
In thanks I offer all I do.

3.

My sacramental Lord,
To Thee my heart I turn;
A visit me accord,
My longing do not spurn.
Come visit now my soul,
Pray, come, do me console;
Thou knowest how I need Thee,
Thou knowest how I love Thee;
Then come, with me abide;
All sorrow, trouble, pain
To Thee do I confide
That Heaven I may gain.

4.

The Host, the Consecrated Host,
My soul now longs for, longs for most;
But to receive no chance I see,
Then come in spirit, come to me!
Come, Jesus, feed my soul with grace,
In mercy all my sins efface;
In faith and hope and love do I
Desire to live, desire to die.

ACT OF REPARATION.

Our Emmanuel-Host-Christ, I ask pardon for all negligence and irreverence of which I have ever been guilty in adoring and receiving Thee truly present in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. I implore pardon for all those who have neglected or even despised Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love, especially for those who have profaned Thy sacred Body and Blood by daring to receive Thee in Holy Communion sacrilegiously. Pardon, O Lord, pardon, for all profanations for the sake of those who revere and love Thee! In reparation I will say: "Our Father, Hail Mary and the Creed."

May we receive, when life is spent,
Our Jesus in His Sacrament!

EUCHARISTIC PRAYERS.

O, Jesus Christ, truly our Emmanuel, who didst yearn with great desire to eat the Pasch with Thy disciples, send forth in these, our times, richer graces and stronger rays from Thy most Loving Heart, so that, strengthened and influenced by them, we may long for Thine Adorable Sacrament and more frequently receive It, and thereby may abound in us the hope of everlasting life. Amen.

O, Christ Jesus, our Emmanuel, bestow in these, our times, greater abundance of grace, that we may promptly carry out the pious wishes of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., especially in adoration, in love, and in frequent reception of Thine Adorable Sacrament, whereby, when It possesses our minds and our hearts, there may dwell in us the fount of eternal life. Amen.

We humbly beg of Thee, Christ Jesus, Emmanuel, to grant us and to all the

faithful, an increase of grace, that we may long after Thee more ardently and receive Thee more frequently in Thine Adorable Sacrament, wherein Thy precious Body and Blood become the solace of our souls and the pledge of a glorious resurrection unto life eternal. Amen.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

My heart and soul, make bold to say,
Though in an humble, rev'rent way:
All hail, Emmanuel, Jesus dear;
To visit Thee behold me here;
As friend with friend I speak to Thee,
Though Thou, my Lord, I servant be;
In Thine own words the claim is laid:
"I call you friends" Thou once has said.

Yes, Thou, my precious, gracious friend,
As such accept my heart and hand;
No friend like Thee, because divine;
My love, my life be ever Thine.
Thou art, O Jesus, all to me
For time and all eternity;
The Father, Spirit, one with Thee,
All hail, Most Blessed Trinity!

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE TABERNACLE.

Behold me here, My Jesus dear!
What brought me here, is love, not fear;
Accept the greetings of my heart;
My best of friends Thou ever art.
No friend like Thee can e'er be found;
Who shall Thy friendship's price recount?
Far more than friend in Thee I find;
Far stronger ties than friendship bind
My heart and soul to Thee, O Lord!
Thou hast entwined a triple cord
About my soul, mysteriously:
'Tis faith, 'tis hope, 'tis charity.
Oh may it never broken be,
No, not for all eternity!

CHAPEL AND CHAPLAIN.

The sweetest place on earth to me
This Chapel is—must ever be,—
Because the place where Jesus dwells,
My faith me this for certain tells.

Most awe-inspiring place to me
This Chapel is—~~most~~ ever be,— must
My Lord, my God, my Judge is here,
What else can I, what else, but fear?

The sweetest place, since He is near,
Who bade th' Apostles have no fear;
" 'Tis I," He said and calmed the storm;
Nor need I dread His present form.

Though more disguised than on the way
To Emmaus—grace doth Him betray;
Hosts hide Him from my eyes in part,
But cannot hide Him from my heart.

Yet dread and awe become me well,
If on my reck'ning day I dwell:
How many Masses I have said,
How often on His Body fed.

Here is my Lord, my God, my Judge;
My priestly office, duties, such
That sacred are the functions all;
Their sacredness doth me appall.

But awe and love do mingle well,
And hence, let nothing break the spell:
This Chapel is—must ever be,—
The dearest place on earth to me.

Emmanuel, Thy praises sound
Wherever voice and heart is found!

LINES TO ST. JOSEPH.

Protector of the Virgin Mother,
St. Joseph glorified,
O pray that I of deaths no other
May die than thou hast died!

Be my Protector ever faithful
When doubts and troubles rise,
That I may never prove ungrateful,
Nor God's sweet grace despise.

Obtain for me a resignation,
Enduring such as thine,
That I may seek in tribulation
The will of God, not mine.

Teach me to love my Jesus dearly,
Whom thou hast loved so well,
And show this love in words not merely,
But let my actions tell.

Teach me to love my Mother Mary,
Thy pure and holy spouse,
No matter how life's trials vary,
May she my cause espouse.

Remember all thy great affliction
Which thou hast undergone;
For love of God without restriction
Hast thou not all things done?

And thou in silence and submission
Hast walked an humble path;
Then sure, what e'er it be, my mission
Enough of glory hath.

So let me learn of thee the lesson
To serve the Lord in heart,
From Him, may joys increase or lessen,
In life nor death to part.

"Uriel's" Concluding Words

To love and truth and virtue,
well combined,
These pages are, dear reader,
all consigned.
All know, the truth of things
is permanent,
And virtue is the choicest
ornament.

D. O. M.

Ye critics all,
Both great and small,
Be sharp but true,
Then thanks to you.

—*Sept. 21, 1911.*

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